

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

APRIL 19, 1982

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BRITAIN'S CALL TO WAR



16

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COVER STORY

Britain's call to war

Following Argentina's invasion of the Falkland Islands, an angry and benumbed British government put the fleet to sea last week and cheering and handkerchief-waving at Portsmouth. An Argentine called in ransomists, U.S. Secretary of State Alexander Haig shuttled between London and Buenos Aires, and landing hope that a diplomatic solution could be reached before the shooting starts. —Page 39

Следует отметить, что в

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benannt)



The man who will adjust
Promotions for three Liberal ad-
visers. Pierre Laporte becomes
president of the CSC. — Page 24



A party running out
Two by-election defeats and a host of other troubles ruined Premier René Lévesque's week — Page H



The 'dubbing' and the duke
Zsa Zsa Gabor's old pal the Duke of Alba turns out to be the one far whom she waited. — Page 29



A roving virtuoso
After years abroad, violinist Itzhak Stern's Sturzk finds you can't come home again. —Peter M.

The guru's gospel

Congratulations for even daring to mention that some intelligent people disagree with "the master" ("The Guru Arrives in Frye," Cover, April 5). It always bothered me that Frye attracted a group of intellectual dunces, and my guess is that this is not what he has wanted either. Much better to have generated amateur individuals who are their own guru, "misled by self-delusionary snobbery."

MONTY HENKEL
Guelph, Ont.

In defence of the trashies

It is true that police officers today appear to get more flak than due credit (Charge of Mayhem on the Boat, Justice, March 15). Our lives are richer because of them. We must be aware and learn to discriminate between the proverbial "sovereigns" and those 80 per cent who are true and kind and who deserve our undying respect.

WILLIAM R. PELLICK
Winnipeg

To state bluntly that Edmonton police "shot and killed an unarmed youth who had been arguing with his mother over a TV set" obscures the fact that the person concerned was shot in the process of attempting to kill a semi-conscious person to death.

EP LUNNEY
Chair of Police
Edmonton



Fryer no uncritical discipline winner

No cuts for Whitehorse copper

The caption on the photo accompanying your article (Hard Times Hit the Yukon Business, March 29) is extremely misleading. The implication that Whitehorse Copper Mines has made "massive job cuts," and furthermore that our Yukon Indians have accepted them, is totally false. The photo is undoubtedly of Whitehorse Copper Mines, but the quotation from the text obviously refers to United Keno Hill's operations in Elsa.

D. LINDEN
Vice-President,
Whitehorse Copper Mine,
Whitehorse

The tough game for Telidon

Markson's makes a good point when it asks the question *A Cordial to Telidon's Future?* (Business, March 29). Perhaps it is time that the industry started to think in just such terms. It has been estimated that going into the States with a proper marketing approach would require about \$30 million. This amount of money is not easy to come by, either from government or the private sector. In the meantime, a number of companies are banding together to do what they can. Canadians don't often show that they have the stomach for the tough game of international business. In this case we have the popular and the timing is right. Let's get on with it.

—PAUL COXON, President,
Pacifi Information Systems Ltd.,
Toronto

Heartaches for the economy

Bertrand McGehee goes at a rather eloquent little pace about the economy and spring (Open the Economy Box, Spring Column, April 5). The question remains, however, do Canadians want to be an arm of the space shuttle and have massive control from Houston—or Washington? I saw Don Shultz's Heartbreak which was shot against the Toronto skyline, yet the christeters passed American money and the film was about extremes. "Was it a Canadian film?" I thought. "Oh, just so Canadian!" —DAVID BORRISON, Vancouver, B.C.

PASSAGES

1955: Actress Brenda Marshall, 36, star of the soap opera *Days of Our Lives*, after shooting herself in the head with a handgun, in the bathroom of her Los Angeles home. The dark-haired beauty was discovered from *Roundtable* host Bill Bixby's typewriter. The actress' 16-year-old son, Christopher Sean Tracy, died of a throat infection the same year.

1960: Wilfrid Pelletier, 85, pianist, conductor and founder of the Montreal Symphony Orchestra, in New York. His family began in the U.S., where he accompanied singers, including Caruso, and conducted under the guidance of Steinway and Trossman. Later, Pelletier became the pre-eminent force behind amateur music in Quebec.

1960: Veteran character actor Warren Oates, 86, of a heart attack, in Los Angeles. Known for his dignified, often portentous characters, Oates ap-

peared mostly in westerns and other out door flicks including the acclaimed adaptation of James Houston's Canadian Arctic adventure *The White Devil*. Recently Oates has been seen in *The Doctor* with Jack Nicholson and in the biopic *Lead* of the lead of the Tragick family on the TV mini-series *Edge of Edens*.

1965: Writer-broadcaster Don Harmer, 81, at best one of the Radio-Canada's "Mormons," after five years of the *Don Harmer Show*, who will leave the show May 28, hopes to start work with *Norman Campbell* on his new show for his last year of *Green Globes*. A replacement is yet to be chosen, though former *This Country Is The Shining One* Peter Gzowski is said to be the frontunner.

CANON HEEB: Sister Marguerite Bourgeois (1898-1980), founder of the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame in Montreal. Last week, Pope John Paul II proclaimed that a miracle, necessary for sainthood, had been veri-

fied. Although she was beatified in 1980, the canonization hinged on the 1998 healing of Lise Gauthier of Montreal. Gauthier was apparently cured of terminal cancer after her parents put her picture onto Bourgeois' grave and asked the saint to pray for her.

1966: Kemallettin Kara Gencer, 56, Turkish embassy official, shot twice outside his Ottawa residence. The Armenian Secret Army for the Liberation of Armenia (ASALA), which has killed more than 20 Turkish diplomats around the world in recent years, claimed responsibility for the shooting.

1970: James C. Corbett, 56, as master of the Royal Canadian Mint, by Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, in Ottawa. Corbett, who served as director general from 1967 until the part office became a Crown corporation last October, replaces Yves Gaulin, who has become the vice-president of marketing for Canada Post Corporation.



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The search for sacred truths

In the March 29 *Post*, Debunking Myths of Sacred Truths, Bishop Abraham L. Fraedley writes, "The only universal truth is that there is no such thing as sacred truth." This is nonsense. There are many truths that should be termed "sacred." For example, every man must sooner or later come to realize the sacred truth that God is good. Otherwise how can we learn to love? Truth of any kind is difficult to sift from the religious and apparent contradictions of creation writings, but it is not impossible. It takes hard work, patience and humility.

—LEONARD HERZENSTEIN
Don Mills, Ont.



Finding any truth takes hard work

Your article has succeeded only in helping confusion on an issue already fueled and distorted by the popular press. Making rare complications appear simple may attract readers and draw headlines, but does not alter the fact that they are rare. Contraceptive technology has few surprises for us in the foreseeable future. Let's not destroy the few reliable ones we have. —D. C. KELLEY
Calgary, Alta.

Women will not stand to be sheltered by the paternizing attitude of certain like Robert Brault who keep them about the mists of the Pill "short and sweet" as to its real "highlights" women. We should be frightened, worried or fat, because this attitude pertains to the medical profession. —HELEN KENNEDY
North York, Ont.

The benefits of work-sharing

I read with interest Carol Bernick's article on work-sharing (*Opportunities*, April 14). As expected, Canadian Labour Congress President Dennis McDermott attacked this proposal since the major movement is often against meaningful reform. But wouldn't job-sharing solve a lot of problems besides unemployment, especially if it was carried on a permanent basis? It would free people to spend more time on hobbies, with their families doing volunteer work, or whatever. And because of the tax system, one could retain after taxes a larger amount of pre-tax income than when working full time. —D. PARFEE
Regina

Never a pleasure

In his appeal to emotion, Parley Mowat alleges that the seal hunt is brutal and inhumane (Post, March 18). Admittedly, the killing of any animal is not ethically pleasing, particularly to people who have never witnessed the slaughter of animals from which so much of our food and clothing is obtained. Nevertheless, there is abundant evidence from adoption performed by veterinary pathologists that a human death is produced by the method of clubbing and bleeding-out practiced by Canadian fishermen. Extensive testing of alternate methods has shown that this is the most efficient and humane method practically available.

—PETER NEERHAGEN
Program Officer (Influence),
Communications Branch,
Fisheries and Oceans,
Ottawa

How could you write an article on contraception without mentioning the sponge-thomen method of family planning? Seven years ago, the organization that makes the method in Canada (funded by the federal government) has been growing rapidly for 10 years with no advertising save word of mouth. Unlike rhythm, the method is effective. It is also soft and cheap. All that is required is some intelligence and 10 days of self-taught math.

—TOM MARSH'S SICK
Weyburn, Sask.

I agree with the concept that barrier methods are free of most of the problems that we have encountered with the Pill. I encourage the use of these methods in people who are motivated to use them. However, the key word is motivation. Unless they are used properly there is a vast difference between the theoretical effectiveness and the actual use effectiveness. —ERIC VAN ZEIJL
Saskatoon, Sask.

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Time to drain the public trough

By Rita Christopher

The man who lost his company during my hour of trial in the morning while I ate eggs, ate baby formula and fed the dog, Good Morning America's David Hartman, was threatening a story about the Chicago mother who complained bitterly of the hardship Ronald Reagan's budget cuts would impose on her. Why, with the new restrictions, the free breakfast program her children had attended would be eliminated. She admitted that the cost of providing hot cereal for her family was not over \$100 a month—but, she maintained? Now that she, like the government, was responsible for putting up in the morning and cooking.

Hardly a day passes that the media does not lament the plight of another pitiful individual thrown back on hard work and native intelligence. To be sure, systematic overhaul of government social programs will produce greater pain and hardship in the U.S., but the real suffering has been obscured by the myriad mask hardships stories. One newspaper feature known the plight of a Pennsylvania family with an income in excess of \$25,000, now forced to pay 75 cents for each of their children's school lunches instead of reserving them free. New York papers went over the fate of children cut off completely from the federally funded free-lunch program, until it developed that, despite repeated requests to renew the needed eligibility form, most of their parents had actively refused to do so. Officials speculated that some did not want to give their social security numbers lest they be caught in welfare fraud schemes?

Another has and should continue to have an obligation to alleviate the lot of its newest citizens, but it does not have an obligation to make everyone middle class. The great reforms of the Roosevelt era have long since been transformed into bloated lifetimes of entrenched bureaucracy. Social security's aim now is to extirpate its ability to pay that the entire system tatters on the edge of bankruptcy. For the past seven years, money has been paid out than taken in. A recent report claims that, without action being taken, social security funding would last only six months into 1983.

Government welfare programs have become something of a national sport. Unemployment insurance is now commonly regarded by well-educated middle-class workers as government-subsidized income for a job search. Recently I rode in a cab whose driver, with no sense of shame, claimed he received a total disability pension from the veterans administration of more than \$1,000 a month. When he went back to school in a few months, he maximized the amount would rise to more than \$1,300. In addition, this "totally disabled veteran" earned \$200 a night (off the books, so no taxes were paid) driving a cab. The money was so good, he said he would continue to drive even after returning to school. Simply put, while two dollars were supporting his life, the cabber was earning \$500 tax-free. I didn't give him a tip.

Officials calculate that before Lyndon Johnson's great war on poverty, approximately 32 million Americans lived beneath the poverty line, and that after the Johnsonite largesse, there were still some 29 million in want. When you consider the vast sum spent on anti-poverty programs, much of which went to pay the salaries of new government staffers, it may have been far more beneficial simply to have turned the cash directly over in lump-sum payments to those considered needy enough to qualify.

Johnson's war on poverty left the country not only with a political bureaucracy, but with a body politic fractured into increasingly strident interest groups. Competition for government grants has turned America from a land of opportunity to a land of entitlements. What characterizes the militant interest groups that escalated in the '60s is the notion that they are entitled to government funds simply by right of existence. Programs whose original intent was to provide resources in times of duress are now viewed as subsidies for any group clever enough to apply for them.

As individuals become increasingly dependent on the government, so does our once-industrial life. Companies that once prided themselves on their scientific and technological innovation, as well as their bottom-line profits, now regularly look to the government to protect them from better-made products from more efficient producers in foreign countries. Government has been asked to step in with anything from trade

tariff barriers to loan guarantees.

Democrats may well note the passivity that President Reagan claims, but skepticism about the further abuse of supply-side theory should not blind people to the obvious need to pare down notions of what government can reasonably be expected to do. In government speaking, after all, not private-sector spending, that has, over the past 36 years, been the country's chief source of inflation—ever since Franklin D. Roosevelt decided the only solution to the great banking crisis of 1933 was to print more money.

While opponents roll away at the heartlessness of Reagan budget cuts, they fail to point out that most of the so-called slashes are simply reductions in the rate of increase. For half a century Americans have been governed by the belief that money and more money provides the natural solution to every social problem. Still, it is obvious that not only are the problems still here, but they appear to increase, not decrease, in almost direct proportion to the amount of money spent on them. We have produced a comparatively dependent society where a child's "dream" has become our national nightmare. However unpleasant the reality, it is increasingly obvious, to those who do not watch Good Morning America, that not only can we no longer afford free breakfasts, but in the words of that wizard of economic sage, there is no more free lunch.



Rita Christopher is a Maclean's contributing editor in New York.

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On the gilded path to sainthood

By Linda McQuaig

Parched on a marble column, a pickled human organ looking much like a piece of driftwood stands in a forebodingly somber statue of Brother André, a Quebec religious figure who founded St. Joseph's Oratory in Montreal and is credited with performing hundreds of miracles there. After a turbulent history, the basilica was abandoned and held unsuccessfully for ransom before being restored in 1923—it now rests behind heavy wrought-iron bars in the oratory. On a crowded Sunday, visitors strain to get close to it. Those hoping for a miracle cure, or perhaps just a spiritual favor, pray in front of it, and stuff cash through the wrought-iron bars.

The hope of miracle cures, and dreams come true, has been borne since to the oratory for more than 60 years. And those hopes will remain an added boost next month at a special ceremony at St. Peter's Square in Rome where the Pope will officially honor Brother André, who died in 1917. After more than 40 years of diligent efforts by oratory officials and doctors, Brother André, a former choirmaster at a Montreal Catholic boys' school, will be declared blessed, or beatified—the second of three hurdles in the arduous path leading toward full sainthood. In order



St. Joseph's Oratory in Montreal: more like a church

structure looks more like a cross between an indoor shopping mall and a madhouse than it does a church. Inside the main basilica, chaplains promote a contest for a free trip to Rome to witness the beatification ceremony. For \$50 cents, visitors can light a candle and pray for family harmony, job satisfaction or a happy death. For bigger requests—the recovery of a sick friend or the preservation of someone who has gone astray—the candles are larger, as is the price: \$50. Visitors can pay to wash themselves, too: a religious washroom or have their photo taken in a booth with a panoramic backdrop of the century-old sheep after the full range of services from the ornate plastic Jesus, ostentatious car details, \$50 candlelit Masses of Brother André and, most startling, three color photographs portraying Christ as the icon—complete with blood, bones and a crown of thorns. When the photograph is tilted, Christ's eyes blink open and shut.

Although the shrine is officially dedicated to St. Joseph, the spotlight is clearly on Brother André. Innumerable artifacts from his life are on display, right down to his towels, his cutlery and his toe rubbers. Key rooms have been reproduced, most dramatically the hospital room where he died, complete with

Drake left by believers in miracle cures; Latreille with bust of Brother André; souvenirs display hopes of dreams come true



Peter Jackson

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Staryk at home; In front of Roy Thomson Hall, "Life is a compromise from cradle to grave — except for my music."

The return of a roving virtuoso

By Shona McKay

There is a sparsity of detail about the roses. A sense of having been thrown together for an interview. The plain furniture is reminiscent of long waits in a doctor's office, the blank walls after a visit. The music shop sits empty of Bach or Bartók, and a violin is nowhere to be seen. Not one to use a theme, Steven Staryk, erect in an upright chair, has the formal air of a visitor in his own home.

At 30, Staryk is Canada's greatest violinist. As he makes on his return to Toronto, after almost a 20-year absence in London, Amsterdam, Chicago and Vancouver, his road reflects less a sense of coming home than of trying lonely in the dark open that are expensive at moment, affordable the next. An eloquent man, he pauses often to refine a sentence, to approach a phrase from a different angle. "Canada is a hockey culture," says Staryk. "It certainly is not the place to be if you want to make a career in serious music." This fall, when the Toronto Symphony signs his season at Roy

Thomas Hall, Staryk will take up the chair of concertmaster, the highest position for a violinist in an orchestra. Yet, Staryk is plainly less than used by the appointment. "It's the least important thing I have done in my career so far. With all due respect to my colleagues, I have had more experience and possess more shiftness than anyone else in the symphony."

It is not an arrogant air he has.

the mid-'80s, fiddle in hand, Staryk left Canada for Europe. It was not long before the legendary conductor Sir Thomas Beecham snatched up the young, unknown violinist and made him concertmaster of London's Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Three years later, he occupied the same position in the Australian Concertgebouw and from there moved on to the Chicago Symphony. Staryk has turned down offers from as far afield as Los Angeles and from as high as the Berlin Philharmonic. Now, Mario Bernardi, music director of the National Arts Centre Orchestra. "There is no doubt in anyone's mind that Steve is a better musician than anyone currently in the mix."

If Staryk's return to the home front has little to do with his career, it has everything to do with his family. He is devoted to his wife of 18 years, Lisa, a former violinist at the Concertgebouw, who gave up her career to follow him. Greta the restauranteur. "Most violinists will keep one fiddle and change their wives. Well, I've had three instruments." You, there is Natalie, his 31-year-old



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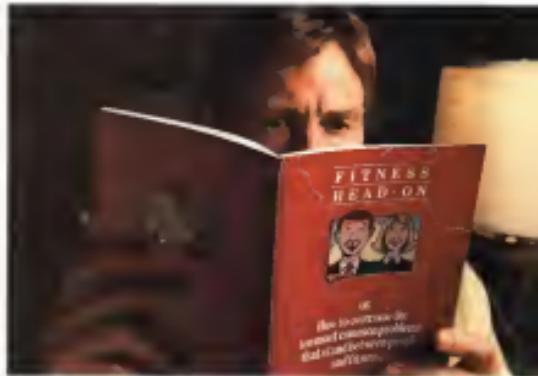
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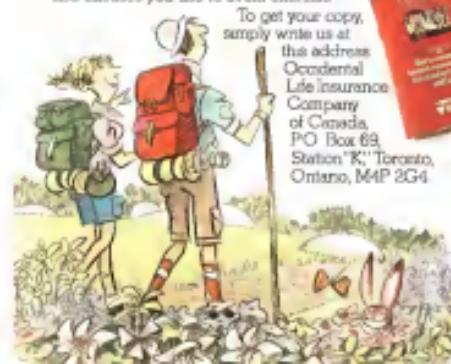
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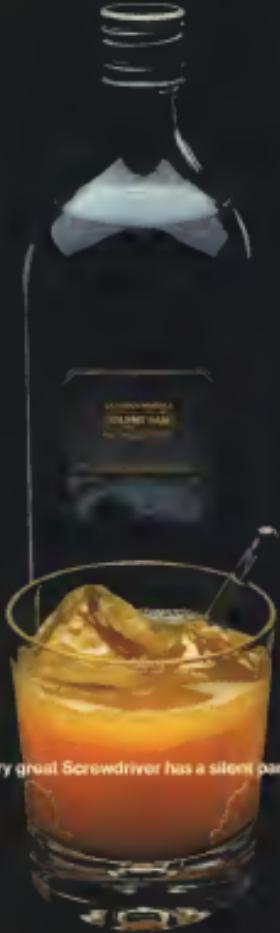
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daughter who plays the violin and the piano, but has no ambition to pursue a musical career. "I am thinking of my child," says Starýk. "You get more busy when you have a child. I have schlepped around the world enough to feel a need to settle. It's more comfortable that it happens to be in Canada."

It's not surprising that Starýk feels an particular attachment to the country of his birth. The only child of poor Ukrainian immigrants, he possessed a childhood worthy of Dickens' pen. When Starýk was 8, his father committed suicide because he could not find work during the Depression; his mother died soon after, leaving cleaning other people's houses. The Royal Conservatory of Music in Toronto, which he attended for five years, offered no refuge. Though only three kilometers away from home, the principal's main instruction was an unbridgeable distance socially from his own ethnic neighborhood. In 1961, as a young member of the TSO's string section, Starýk, with five other members of the symphony, was denied a visa for an Ann Arbor, Mich., engagement by the U.S. government. Some three weeks before the breach of McCarthyism, Starýk's name had inexplicably come up. Red. The anachronistic administration ascribed to Red pressure and "re-located" him from his concert. Shunned by the musical establishment and even by some of his colleagues, Starýk stopped playing his violin for three months—the only time in his life he has done so.

Although he went on to accumulate, credits and a place in the International Who's Who in Music, he has survived with his dignity about all things political. In 1978, when he was teaching at Oberlin College in Ohio (the Red years had long since ended and apologized for), the National Guard marched into Kent State. Two years later, the violinist gathered up his family and moved to Vancouver. Starýk has been asked to adjudicate at the Tchaikovsky Violin Competition in Moscow in June, and the anticipated trip is his ancestral homeland like him "with a certain certainty but also apprehension."

His inherent warmth extends to individuals. The beginning of his brief first marriage was, to a man of his temperament, an excruciating experience. Like an erratic heroine, his second spouse followed him throughout England interrupting rehearsals and passing him down the stairs, much to the delight of the rag press which played up the incidents. As a result, he was forced to change his lodgings frequently and keep his address a secret. Mario Bernardi, who has known Starýk "since our early days in Toronto," is typical of the violinist's colleagues who, when pressed to go beyond an environment of musi-



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By Thomas Streeter (left) with his young concertmaster (center)

canadian admires. "I realize I know very little about him."

Only with music is Staryk truly at home. Since the age of 7 ("when my mother, in her showy, peasant way, decided that it was either to be the pock and sheaf or the violin"), it has been his passion and his chosen. Says Staryk, "Life is a compromise from cradle to grave...except for my music." Staryk's days are filled with practicing, teaching, preparing, reviewing, listening to and thinking music. Says Victor Friedhoff, the conductor and Beamer violinist who shared a stand with Staryk at the CBC in the early '80s: "When you think of Steve, you think of a violin. It is an extension of himself." Staryk has runned the gantlet in two eras: He has had more teachers than you could shake a bowstick at. At various times, and often simultaneously, he has held positions as concertmaster, soloist, and professor. With more than 120 recordings to his credit, he displays an awesome repertoire ranging from Paganini to Mozart in commissioned works by Canadian composers. He has even recorded giddy fiddle music under the pseudonym Rufus Fiddle. Just as he sought out "people whose brains I could pick, even if they didn't want me to," so he searched for the perfect instrument. Typically, he didn't find just one. "Violins are like individuals," says Staryk. "No one is a God. No one gives you everything." The result being that now Staryk plays on two exquisitely instruments: a Guarneri and a



With daughter, Natalie, and wife, Rita. "Canada is a hockey culture."

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Stradivari. Depending on the program, he has been known to change violins and use four or five different bows in the span of one concert.

Staryk's performance has earned him the respect of L'Orchestra's musicians, says Feldman: "He is both in a virtuoso class by virtue of his intelligence and by virtue of the level of artistry." Irving Kolodin, music editor of *Shawberg Review*, called him "a star violinist and the most overrated member of a symphony orchestra I've ever seen."

"To be both a star and a tennis player is a mere combination of talents for some musicians and one that will serve Staryk in his job as concertmaster. The concertmaster—who is also the head violinist—acts as the intermediary between the conductor and the rest of the orchestra. As both player and leader, Staryk has the best of both worlds. Unlike many violinists, he values orchestral work above all else. 'With orchestras, though, it's the disconnection from soloing, that's what I longed to understand music in a bigger context,' says Staryk. Such is his respect for the violin that, though he has grown disenchanted of many big-city managers, "I kept from reducing [it] to all the hype and we that goes with a solo career; many of these stars, these household names, are limited by what they think they look under their skin. They don't see too far over the bridge."

On stage, Staryk himself is a study in intensity. Each wayward movement,



Staryk: virtuoso or rockin' attorney?

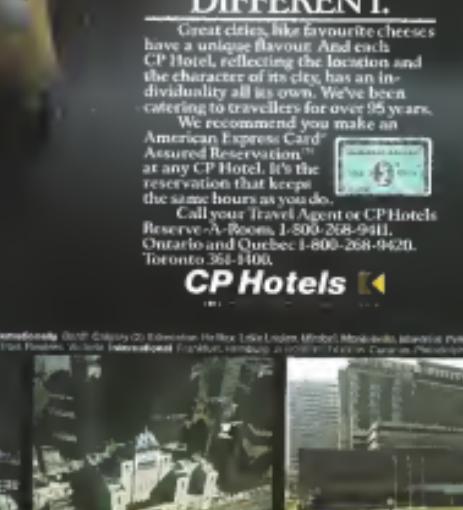
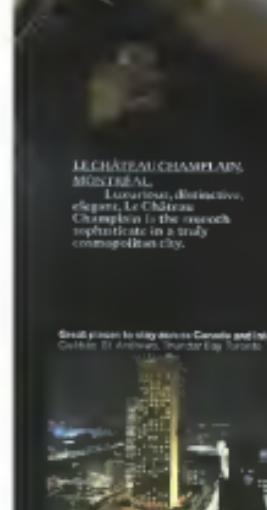
the lift of a hand, the raising of an eyebrow, is embellished into the singular art of making music. He has, however, often been criticized for his playing style. Unlike the Sterns and the Sternhubs, who strike their audience as much as they do their instruments, Staryk is not good theatre. Toronto reviewers have been most consistent in objecting to his "Olympian detachment," his "lack of glimmer which makes the audience a foreign conclusion," his air of "disengagement." They are assessments Staryk has no patience with: "What has appeal to do with sound? When I am playing, all my energy goes into the violin. It's in there." Victor Feldbrill agrees: "Perhaps he gives the illusion of coldness, but if you listen, you hear passion."

A thoughtful and sometimes brooding man, he finds little order in the world around him. "Psychologically, the animal is not a perfect machine," he says. "There is obviously some problem in me—his greed, his materialism." Staryk readily admits that his music provides an escape from the chaos. "Only when I have been at it for a couple of hours do things get better. Without my violin, I wouldn't have my sanity today."

The failing afternoon light has softened the harsh edges of the room. Staryk's thoughts travel beyond the here and now. To somewhere far from the cold that isolates a shoulder retelling against all the parts of violin playing. Where the softness are small and disconcerting. Where they listen before they look. A place to bring up a child. "I know it doesn't exist. But you have to keep looking and hoping," he says. Slowly and wistfully, his eyes drift to the empty seats ahead.

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America the censurable

An unusual increase between Moscow and Washington over recent global developments, the propagandist war continues as well. According to U.S. linguistics scholar and author Noam Chomsky, we are used to discussing the integrity of Soviet pronouncements, yet we are inclined to believe what America's intelligentsia have not examined Amer-

ica's actions abroad as critically as they should. Michael's music writer Leslie McQuade speaks with Chomsky, who teaches linguistics at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in Boston.

MacLean's: You argue that, in addition to a reversal of the Cold War in recent months, there has been a new and different quality to the Reagan administration's foreign policy. In his recent words, "Towards a New Cold War and Nuclear Terrorism," he argues that our press and

intelligentsia have not examined Amer-



ica's actions abroad as critically as they should. Michael's music writer Leslie McQuade speaks with Chomsky, who teaches linguistics at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in Boston.

Chomsky: Well, there's been a gradual move toward the reversal of the Cold War confrontation from the early '80s, and I think the reason is that the Cold War confrontation is highly functional for the U.S., and in fact for the Soviet Union too. It provides the propaganda framework within which they can control their own populations and their allies as they conduct the business that they're really concerned with—dominating Third World countries, and so on. Now the capacity of the U.S. to intervene and dominate large parts of the world was certainly reduced during the Vietnam era. Nevertheless, the institutional structures that had led to repeated counterrevolutionary interventions were never damaged. And there was evidence that there was going to be an effort to reverse the system in the later part of the Carter administration in late '70s, even before Afghanistan and the Iranian Hostage thing. It sort of slowly evolved, then the Reagan administration came along and extended this process, but also changed it. Take El Salvador. Carter was committed by supporting the gang of warlords that he was helping as they carried out their attack on the peasant population, and so is Reagan extending that process. But Reagan added something new. He turned it into a confrontation with the Russians, (amongst) Cuba and Vietnam and Ethiopia—all Reagan's protégés—(of) attacking Central America. That's important. How do you invade Nicaragua on the pretext that this Nicaraguans are a threat to us? It's impossible. It has to be because Nicaragua is an outpost of the Soviet Union. The Russians play exactly the same game. I mean, the Russians invaded the Muslims in Afghanistan, for instance, as a defense of Afghanistan against terrorists supported by the U.S. and the U.S.R. That's the way a country mobilizes its population for aggression and intervention.

MacLean's: Are you suggesting that is the primary purpose behind recent Cold War talk?

Chomsky: It's (also) a way to keep the economy going. If the government wants to intervene to get an economy moving by injecting itself into the production process, it can't really do so by getting involved in useful production say, producing cars, because it would be

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interfering with the prerogatives of private business. That leaves waste production basically. But what kind of waste production can you get companies to pay for? Nobody's ever thought of anything except communism. If you can set a population frightened enough, then they'll be willing to support production of armaments, although in defense. You remember the missile gap? Kennedy certainly knew that the story about the missile gap was a fraud, but nevertheless exploited it as a way of creating the major arms building. Basically, Reagan is trying the same thing, but faces some difficulties that Kennedy didn't have to be concerned over compared to like Japan and Europe. Now they're worried that the Japanese are going to drive them out of world trade. If the U.S. devotes its resources to waste production and Japan and Europe don't, then the already hazardous position of the U.S. in world trade is going to deteriorate very seriously. They're going to have to keep raising the level of international confrontation until they get Japan and Japan to fall into our system of devoting resources to armaments, namely waste production, and not simply using that opportunity to undermine their international markets.

Macmanus: You've argued extremely



Chomsky putting butchers knife point?

in coverage of American and Soviet actions abroad, holding up Soviet actions far closer and more critical scrutiny. Do you feel that continues to be the case?

Chomsky: Polish martial law was an

anachronism. It lasted religiously in the CIA radio reporting news broadcasts just to tell what they would do. I'd say about 98 per cent of news coverage for those

three weeks was Poland, and of course it was just overfilling with indignation about how terrible it is. Well, okay, undoubtedly that's true. The Russians occupied a martial law regime which undermined the popular worker-based movement. But the U.S. does that all the time. Turkey has had martial law since September, 1980. It's a martial regime, plenty of torture, but the U.S. positively supports it. There has been a martial law regime in Brazil since 1964. Troops were sent in to break up strikes. The Brazilian equivalent of Lech Wałęsa—Lionel Jardim da Silva, a very courageous leader of the Brasileiros labor movement—was (recently) put in jail. Nobody even knew about that. The U.S. positively welcomed the military coup in Indonesia in 1965, which included the massacre of half a million people. And in Poland in, they're not wondering the population in the streets as our martial law types are doing in Central America. There's no hint of all this in the news coverage. If it's proper to have sanctions against the Soviet Union because they support martial law in Poland, then there should be sanctions every six months against the U.S. We're just resulting by hypocrisy on this issue.

Macmanus: Of course, the American government would respond that they're only supporting these regimes as a full-work against communism.

Chomsky: No, they'd go beyond that. They say they support martial law in, let's say, the Philippines or Turkey because it stabilizes the situation, puts down terrorism, gets the population back to work. That's just what the Russians say about Poland. All the more than that. Just change a few names and you've got Russian propaganda on Poland. What actually happened in Poland is extrinsically interesting. Poland got into a cycle of indebtedness which is very typical for the Third World. When that happens in the world that we (the U.S.) control, what the country does is go to the International Monetary Fund (IMF) and ask for some kind of financial aid, and the IMF comes along and says we'll do it but you have to follow certain measures which we propose and these measures are austerity, lowering the standard of living for the population, perhaps export for the rich countries, and so forth. Poland couldn't go to the IMF (it's not a member), so it went to German and American bankers. They gave

the same advice: we'll redistribute your debts if you raise the price of bread, make the population work harder, export more to the West, and so on. What happened was that the Poles revolted. Well that sometimes happens in our dominions too. What do we do? We put into power some collection of butchers who suppress the population and murder the other leaders and torture the opposition, and finally put things back in order. (Western leaders) were probably won-

dering what the Russians were waiting for. Why wasn't they doing in Poland what we (in the U.S.) always do in exactly the same circumstances? Massacres? You're suggesting they were pleased by what finally happened when martial law was imposed?

Chomsky: Openly pleased. If you look at the business press—*Business Week*, *The Wall Street Journal*, it even got into *The New York Times*. Western bankers were openly expressing their pleasure over the martial law regime. They were saying, they did it, they have a martial law regime to get the people back to work again and overcome all this chaos and anarchy.

Macmanus: Of American bankers are pleased about martial laws in Poland, the U.S. administration is certainly trying to implement that it is?

Chomsky: Well, they're in a trap. It's a trap where ideology and interests are sort of opposing one another. They talk about the terrible Russians and how



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and they are all over the world, and they can use Poland for that. On the other hand, they're basically glad about what's happening. If the peace movement, it would be painting the oil. **Moscow:** We've talked mostly about American motives. Do you see a reversal of Cold War attitudes on the part of the Soviets at all?

Chemical: The Soviet Union is run by a kind of bureaucratic elite which is mainly concerned with maintaining their own power and extending it if possible. And they'll use any degree of force and violence to achieve that end. Still, by and large, they've been frightened of greater American power. They have a fear of invasion. They are themselves surrounded by an oligarchic system of bosses and powers in along their borders. And from Stalin on, we have been pressing to some kind of Atlantic Defense in their territories. We have rear envoys who, you leave over envoys and. And maybe there's some nervous along the borders, but normally we have very other place to express within our own world system. I suspect they'd still want that kind of Atlantic Defense.

Maclean's: But the U.S. would want out of the Soviets are expanding radio stations, for instance?

Chemical: True. They'll look for targets of opportunity. But I think Russian involvement in the world probably reached its peak in the late 1980s, and after that suffered acute severe decline, the major being the Stasi-Soviet break. There are some areas where the Soviet Union has influence basically because we want it. We could legitimate Russian influence in Angola tomorrow if we wanted to. All we have to do is recognise the government and open up trade, and the Russians would be set on their way. The Russians have nothing to offer the Angolans, they need trade with the West. But the U.S., for ideological reasons to do with our whole relationship with South Africa, just doesn't want to do it. Take Cuba. We drove the Cubans into the Russian enclave. It's absolutely typical. If some country tries to extricate itself from the American system, the first thing we try to do is prevent it by force. If that doesn't work, we try it by subversion. If that doesn't work, we try to make it as hard as possible for them to develop. It's very important for the U.S. to prevent Cuba from developing a decent society because, if it did, it would be a model to other Caribbean countries. Now we're right in the process of doing the exact same thing with Nicaragua. If the U.S. continues its policies, Nicaragua will become a Soviet colony, which will give the justification for us to back an invasion from Honduras or impose an embargo, etc. It's like repeating the same record over and over again. ♦

CANADA

A party running out of gas and votes

By Anne Bellemore

The warnings have been swift and ominous. In the space of only a few weeks, Montreal's *Le Presse* has headlined LIQUIDATION GOVERNMENT IN A FREE FALL. Le Devoir's Publisher Jean-Louis Roy notes that "through the government's indecisive and seriously misguided" and "badly executed" policies, the tragic economic consequences of this process did not move quickly to the benefit of Quebec. The already faced-in angry labour unions, leaders, trade bureaucrats, entrenched interests and groups of savings and credit agencies operating in the flow of gas from Quebec province. Premier René Lévesque last week also had to swallow two humiliating defeats. Not only that, the Quebec Court of Appeal ruled last Friday that the province has no right of veto in the Canadian constitution. Shrugged Lévesque: "We never thought we had a royal straight flush." By week's end it did not look as if the Quebec government's luck was ever running to a pair of deuces.

Throughout the week teams of independent garage owners patrolled the province, carrying with them油枪 to close service-station pumps by force. One would-be purchaser was shot and slightly wounded during a disturbance between the organized owners and an even more independent group, who was refusing to close shop. The service-station owners, who say they represent 2,000 outlets, were demanding that the provincial government abolish a 20-per-cent gas surtax imposed by Finance Minister Jacques Parizeau in last November's mini-budget and that the major oil companies reduce their profit margin from the pumps.

In the wake of the persuasive tactics of the garage owners, there was no gas for sale from Quebec City east to the Gaspe and the New Brunswick border. Corpses of trucks lined up by the Trans-Canada Highway. In the Beauce region there was no school because there was no gas for the school buses. By midweek, Montreal motorists had joined the rest of the province, lining the streets leading to the few stations that remained open under heavy police guard. Most Quebecers deplored the inconveniences while cheering as the station owners in the hope that their actions might lead to a lowering of the gas burden for everyone. In Quebec, a



Protesters protest: angry union leaders, outraged motorists, racing police squads.

litre of gas now costs an average of 47 cents, the highest provincial price in the country. Thirty-five of those cents go to provincial government coffers. By week's end, motorists setting off on Easter holidays found gas stations working again. The independent owners settled for a deal to allow them a six per cent increase and they won a freeze on new permits for gas stations. But the price of gas increased the same.

Bell, however, did not seriously consider cutting its share of the gas gasoline's expense. That came as news to Mr. Lévesque, who spent most of the past week explaining about the province's strapped finances to a concerned but

distrustful group of Quebec business, union and consumer representatives who were attending the PQ government's third economic summit since 1976. The premier and his ministers were trying to drive home the message that they need an extra \$70 million this year to meet expenses.

The premier offered three solutions to the dilemma: cutting services, raising taxes or freezing public and para-public employees' wages. Though Lévesque did not rule out the first two—leaving many Quebecers with the impression that a new budget in May will bring a further tax-hike to the尹gent-ruled citizens of Canada—the premier did note that the third option was not just a possibility. That did not go over

well with the unions representing the concession front of \$20,000 Quo public and para-public workers. Their members even now go for negotiation at the end of the year, but they are also expecting already-signed-up raises in June. Two days before the concert was to begin, members of both public and private unions numbering more than 20,000 strong marched through Montreal in crunching rain to tell the government that they won't be made scapegoats for the economic crisis.

NATIONAL

The man who will adjust the sets



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W looking for a new president of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, more than one candidate

Trying to shake the government into action has become the task of more than just editorialists. More than 5,000 newspaper leaders—unanimously—said weather early in the week go to the Montreal Forum to protest increased smog levels. Then, voters in two Quebec ridings turned out in the latter part of the week to elect candidates for the national assembly. Although Claude Béland is an unknown野人 who Levesque avoids naming, Liberal candidates avoided using his pictures or name during the by-election campaign—two Liberals took the vacant seats, one of which had been held by the author of the step-by-step approach.

Turned him down. Among them were de Montigny Marvald, a deputy minister at External Affairs, and Pierre Janusz, deputy minister at Corporations. At 58, Janusz seemed poised to cap an illustrious 26 years in public broadcasting and film by creating a super-station for Canadian media. On the other hand, "the man of the people" seemed to have learned very large, I just didn't want to take that responsibility." In the end, Janusz resigned and Trudeau announced last week that his old political associate from Quebec's Quiet Revolution will succeed outgoing President Al Johnson, 88, on Aug. 3.

process to independence. Claude Martin and the defeated candidate in the Quebec City voting of Lévesque-Robert were Jean Crable, the lawyer appointed by Lévesque to probe NCFW wranglings.

Lévesque means no stemming federal machiavellism and perfidy, with a sharp eye to the next election expected in 1986. In

Junior changed his mind after reflecting on "the extraordinary cultural significance of the CBC"—and after convincing himself that he can put by the necessary millions to convince the government to save the leading asset of public television in

which he will again seek a mandate to negotiate provincial sovereignty. But the voters who two years ago rejected Levesque's even a mandate to negotiate sovereignty in principle do not seem to be listening. They are too busy talking about jobs, taxes and government spending.



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A veteran of bureaucratic wars in Washington (deputy treasurer) and as a deputy minister of the Treasury Board and Welfare, Johnson managed to squeeze budgets and channel funds into the new programs most recently into the new look National and

The Journal, CFC risks revolutionizing its public affairs environment, and several new TV shows draw a million or more viewers. Among them, *Marketplace*, the *60th Estate* and such hot-button numbers as *The Canadian Encyclopedia* and *BBC Design*. *BBC Design* is a much-criticed annual segment of *60th Estate*, the CFC is a surprise at \$30 per head.

—BERTIE LEWIS in Ottawa, with SHAWN McKEON in Toronto.

existing under a series of interim rules; the latest will take effect in September and run to 1984. Now, CBCR has given itself to the view that the condition of 20 hours of Canadian drama—which was to apply this year—must at least apply for the next two years, even if it is not enforced. For his part, John Coleman, CBC's vice-president for planning and development, said the network could draw no conclusions until it had completed its

Complaints about CTV's non-compliance have been mounting since the beginning of the year. The latest came from the Ontario government, which has asked the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission to consider the court decision. Still another issue to be settled between CTV and the commission is a definition of "original new" drama. The network believes movies not yet shown in theaters qualify, but court officials are not sure.

ment to high-cost Canadian production are not new. As the *Lusk* judgment pointed out, "CTV was aware of earlier dissatisfaction" at the CBC and the notion of a content condition was discussed at the license hearings. Cetim says CTV actually exceeded the 30 hours of drama prescribed for 1989-93. By contrast, the cut presumed 72 hours of original drama on English-language TV in 1989-93, and 67½ hours are scheduled for this year. While even that cut

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- 3 -



Molan of CNP Shearwater: we have lost a certain peace of mind

NOVA SCOTIA

The cops in soldiers' clothing

At 9:30 p.m. last June 8, Patrick Molan drove out of the main gate at Canadian Forces Base Shearwater, which overlooks Halifax harbor from Dartmouth. A minute later he was pulled over on a city street by two military policemen who had followed him out from the base, where civilian Molan was a bus manager in the sergeants' mess. At the request of the N.S. Native presented his driver's license, but he refused a breathalyzer test when the joyous native tried to do so. "I didn't mind taking the breathalyzer," says Molan. "I would have taken the breathalyzer," says Molan. "But they were military police, and I was off the base." That was the beginning of a saga that has cost Molan \$1,000, six months without his driver's license—and his peace of mind.

The court saga has caught the attention of civil libertarians and it may even reach the Supreme Court of Canada. The legal question at issue is whether military police have the powers of "peace officers" under the Criminal Code. That is, can MPs stop a car, enter a house and generally act as policemen when they think a crime is under way as has just transpired? The answer in Nova Scotia now to both questions is yes, thanks to the Molan case.

Nolan was reprieved in January of refusing to take a breathalyzer test when the presiding judge ruled that the military police had been acting outside their jurisdiction. However, the Crown appealed the judgment and the Nova Scotia Court of Appeal ruled on March 26 that military police do have the powers of regular police officers—although

—MICHAEL CLEGGTON in Halifax

just two years before, the highest court in Alberta had found the exact opposite. As a result of the Nova Scotia decision, last week the 36-year-old Molan was fined \$600 and had his driver's license suspended for six months—the maximum period in the previous year.

In the aftermath, Nolan's lawyer, David Bright, said he was "astounded and shocked" at the appeals court decision. His main concern—apart from the defendant's intent in taking the breathalyzer—is the lack of recourse that civilians have against military police. "There's no board set up to which a citizen can complain to get a hearing," says Bright. "There is with the police and civil police, and all the other people who are peace officers under the Criminal Code—police warrens, marines and many other officials—but not with the military. Under the National Defense Act they can just say, 'goodbye.'

Bright and Molan would like to take the case to the Supreme Court of Canada, but the trip is beyond Molan's means even though his lawyer has offered his services. Free Beards, the Nova Scotia Civil Liberties Association, may ask the Canadian Civil Liberties Association to pick up the tab for a Supreme Court visit when representatives of the two bodies meet later this month. As for the original incident, it will never be settled. Nolan admits he did drink a couple of beers that day, but knows that he was far from drunk, and the MPs said they followed him because they thought he was speedflying. No longer seems important.

—MICHAEL CLEGGTON in Halifax

NEW BRUNSWICK

You can't wire there from here

Samuel Morse's first telegraph message—transmitted over a line between Washington and Baltimore 135 years ago next month—was a succinct statement: "What hath God wrought?" If Morse were still alive, he might well want to repeat that message. The familiar telegraph office, case or otherwise, had even small Canadian towns often had two of them competing for business—one run by Canadian Pacific, the other by Canadian National—aren't swiftly disappearing. By the start of this year, the number still open across Canada had shrunk to 28, down from some 700 outlets in 1950. By mid-June another nine will close, including those in three provincial capitals, leaving some payphones without a single office.

According to CNP Telecommunications, the telegraph's attrition is due to changing patterns in message sending. Potential telegraph-users now find it easier to use toll-free telephone lines to call the nearest telegraph office, even though it may be hundreds of kilometers away, than they do to jot down their messages on paper and take them to an office down the street. That may be so. But some observers contend that the telecommunications arm of the two railways (which began managing services on the mid-1960s) has done all it can to encourage the telegraph trade—by offering services, cutting rates back in the cities and raising rates in the sticks. "The railroads have against military police," says Bright. "There is with the police and civil police, and all the other people who are peace officers under the Criminal Code—police warrens, marines and many other officials—but not with the military. Under the National Defense Act they can just say, 'goodbye.'

Local protests may well develop. But at the moment the telegraph offices are going out "more with a whimper than a bang," concedes Norm Habib of Burns, Ont., national chairman of the Canadian Association of Communications and Allied Workers, which represents 2,400 CNP Telecommunications employees. The subdued ending is all the more remarkable in light of the important and colorful role the telegraph service played in Canada. That role began just two years after Morse's first message with the establishment of a telegraph line between Toronto and Hamilton, Ont. By 1902 the Canadian Pacific Railway system alone had more than 36,000 km of line which handled with more than two million messages a year.



On line is telegraph. Big beans in the telegraph's demise are the longline CNP employees

performed when it arrived in port was to go to the telegraph office where all hands sent more than one message back home. "Arrived safe."

It was improved long-distance telephone service and the development of integrating Telex machines, introduced in Canada in 1968, that gradually reduced the demand of the telegraph. By persuading businesses to install in-house Telex machines—CNP today has 30,000 such subscribers—the company

country as telegraph offices have gradually been closed across the country. "I know people who have had jobs in five different locations in 10 years," says Habib. "There's a lot of misery in that."

—DAVID FOLSTER in Fredericton

"We cannot let our Telnet service by which a message dictated by telephone at one end will be delivered by mail from any one of more than 200 post offices across Canada."

anything. I was just thinking about that."

Kaleak finally found Knut sitting against an unoccupied seat alongside. After about 300 km from where they had been separated, he says, that at times he could not even see the sled, which was only four or five metres long. The dogs were return world, he could not find Knut.

Kaleak crept up and picked up

the dog, who was no one around."

Kaleak put Knut's head on what remained of the sled and drove his snowmobile for six hours to the nearest settlement, the now-time station of Korak Beach. From there he was flown to hospital in Akiek. Four days later he was sent home to Barrow Island, but soon there began bleeding badly from stomach ulcers and he had to be flown to hospital in Fairbanks.

A neighborly trip to death

When people in southern Canada decide to visit a neighbor, it is usually a matter of weeks or months, a couple of blizzards or driving a thousand kilometers in a car. But when Joseph Kaleak and Edward Knut left their homes on Barter Island, Alaska, two weeks ago to visit relatives in Akiek, N.W.T., they faced a snowmobile journey across almost 900 km of arctic ice. The outcome was tragic. In the end, Knut became ill, died, and last week Kaleak returned to a Fairbanks hospital recovering from exposure after a heroic attempt to rescue his companion. Recommended by the RCMP for a medal, Kaleak, typical of the northern breed for whom hardship is almost an everyday event, insisted that he is no hero. "I just tried my best," he declared.

The trip should have taken about 26 days—if nothing had gone wrong,” says Kaleak, 44, an Alaskan Inupiaq. But near the halfway point on the Arctic sea ice of the Yukon strait, the men ran into a blizzard. Kaleak, towing a sled with all their supplies, was trudging in frost of Knut. Two hours later he would cycle back to make another

part of his friend's trail, only to lose it again quickly. For more than two days he kept circling, picking up Knut's trail, following it and losing it again. He did not eat and he rarely slept. The fear of freezing “I worried about him a lot. That's why I wouldn't eat anything after I lost him,” he says. “I had a lot of groceries with me. Everything I needed was on my sled, and this guy didn't have

anyone to help him.”

CMP officers in Old Crow say it is remarkable that Kaleak found his friend—and found him alive. For his part, Kaleak knows that he must still recover emotionally from his ordeal. “I still think too much about that guy,” he says. But he left as soon as he could that he would soon be ready to brave the north winds again.

—LOUISE COLE in Whitehorse

A Virgo in ascendancy

Provincial Premier Brian Peckford told the story on himself. Over breakfast in the popular St. John's airport restaurant, he illustrated his point through a series of the weekly *Newsblazer* Headlines that had been left on the table. Peckford, a Virgo (Aug. 27, 1942), is not by his nature one to mindlessly repeat the job he does; so when he found time to finish the job he took on, he used the prediction. "A few problems will arise. You can't just ignore them and shift the jobless schedule, as I have done for an extension of time. You'll get it." The 35-strong Saturday night audience in the white-draped Methodist community of Brudenell, 80 km west of St. John's, roared at the joke. "Even the stars are with us," jibed Peckford, and capped it with a sly orb from his Ottawa archenemy, Pierre Trudeau. "The universe is unfolding as it should."

At a quarter to five on the province's shortest day, April 8, the moon, nearly full, rose over the Avalon Peninsula in a blue, cloudless sky. As the polls closed and the evening深ened, Mars, the planet of war, tagged along behind it. Toward the end of his helicopter campaign, Peckford, not content with attacking, also invoked a recent recurrent dream. He would, he said, suddenly wake up to the words "No seats, 40 seats" ringing in his head. His dream proved accurate. At 8:30 Newfoundland time, just half an hour after the polls closed and the polls opened, the cat in St. John's recorded Peckford's Progressive Conservatives a majority government. And two hours later, after Peckford had addressed a throng of 15 supporters at a free-for-all reception in the Hotel Newfoundland, the verdict of an estimated 75 per cent of Newfoundland's eligible voters was 42-44 Tory seats, eight Liberals, none for the haggis New Democrats.

Newfoundland's own Miss MacBride had stepped down the Liberal and NDP leaders in their own districts and unseated all seven out-of-district traditionally Liberal since the days of Joey Smallwood. To the chagrin of conservative party workers, Peckford's legal maneuvering to reclaim

ought a mandate to continue his government's aggressive stance on regulation of offshore petroleum jurisdictions with Ottawa, deserved. "Newfoundland has to live with what we say and what they are and where we are, and have no say with them," he argued. Now Newfoundland Energy Minister William Marshall who, with Peckford, edits Newfoundland's share in the offshore negotiations, was pleased. He interpreted the Tories' 10-seat gain over the 1979 election results as "not just an



Peckford as winner: the Newfoundland Blue Machine stopped them down

Churchill Falls hydroelectric power to the Supreme Court of Canada, and the premier demanded that Quebec's presentation in that dispute restore the same "negotiations" to good faith and a general agreement about the energy problems that have plagued him.

While warning his happy supporters that "with this great victory comes a great burden of responsibility," Peckford gave no indication whether or not Newfoundland might modify its January resource-management proposal to Ottawa. That reconsidernation called for the creation of a joint agency to administer the offshore, giving Newfoundland three-quarters of the oil revenues until the province matches the Canadian average in personal income and social services. Peckford says that Ottawa rejected that idea, and by his silence Peckford and Marshall now imply that it is the federal government's turn to make a move.

Peckford clearly is in a powerful bargaining position. The halving of the Liberals' legislative contingent to its post-1979 low of eight seats (one, in fact, held by only 41 votes with a recent pending) marks a severe defeat for the party's historic philosophy of adherence to Ottawa and a close working relationship between provincial and federal Liberals. Former Liberal premier Joey Smallwood's four successors have clutched that philosophy like a vise. Smallwood and some who have come within shooting distance of the premiership—The Times' latest Liberal punching bag, Leained Stirling, suffered the unprecedented agony of losing his own Bonavista North riding to a Conservative and became aware that he is washed up as a politician.

The Liberal party executive plans to meet in May to decide what to do. But the legislature may open before then and only one of the remaining Liberals, the quixotic Steve Nasay, has allowed himself to lead the caucus. As far as NDP Leader Peter Penikash, he looks dismally for his fractured West. If that win netted results in a nearly trifling, Joey Peacock, his schoolteacher wife, polled the lowest vote of any candidate in the election (33%), and the year's share of the popular vote sank below four percent.

—RANULPH JOYCE is in St. John's.

PEOPLE

When you've seen one, you've seen them all, but that didn't stop Zsa Zsa Gabor from another trip to the altar. "An old friend, Prince Duke of Alba, asked me to marry him over the weekend, and I accepted," the Hungarian movie star told reporters last week. Gabor met the 32-year-old polo player 14 years ago, but when they saw each other recently in Palm Springs, they decided to jump up for the final check-in. "He said to me, 'Darling, I've been waiting for you forever,'" said Gabor. "And I said exactly the same words to him." They will marry this summer, with Merv Griffin as best man, in spite of Gabor's divorce from Los Angeles lawyer Michael O'Hara going through. And how old is the bride? In Zsa Zsa's imagination produced a birth certificate dated Feb. 6, 1926. That would make her all of five years old when she was runner-up at the Miss Hungary contest in 1933.

Zsa Zsa and the Duke of Alba—waiting for you forever

Toronto game-store owner Peter Stastna (Mr. Gamestop) refers to it as his Allen J. Mastashken job creation program. Stastna is trying to cash in on the 1989 fed market with the promotion and sale of model-doll sets modeled on the federal finance minister. Each \$2.95 package comes with a cuddly, several-mustache caricature of MacEachern, plus a division of responsibility for any painful jabs to the winter Olympics. Stastna? "I was watching *Barber*

days back bad things are becoming a hot number behind the Iron Curtain. Playing before an audience of 19,000 recently in Budapest's new sports arena, Sagan became the first Canadian rock group ever to appear in Hungary. The massive concert, complete with elaborate light show, pyrotechnics and other computer trappings, was a major breakthrough for the band which has already conquered Western Europe. Bassist Jim Craven used his own yard-

Stastna (left) and Craven (right) drumming 8,000 drums from life past

stick to judge the Hungarian response. "There were a few lads punching the air and(matches were lit during the show. These are growing tipsy," he deadpanned. Following the meeting, Canadian Ambassador Beatty Armstrong presented the group with a gold album for its current Internationally Titled World Apart.

Suffering from a broken ankle as a result of the previous day's match, Canadian National Rugby Team number 12, Dennis Bennett thought he would skip the recent springing ceremony for an international seven-side rugby tournament in Hong Kong. But manager Alan Ross thought otherwise. "We came at a team, we play as a team, we stay as a team," said Ross as he entered the 35-year-old flanker to get on his crutches and waddle around the track in front of the 20,000 spectators. Bennett's appearance sent wild screams of enthusiasm through a crowd of Canadian expatriates and fans from all countries. His teammates, on the other hand, reacted with typical rugby snatches—they fined him \$100 for grandstanding.

When Stephen Crane published *The Red Badge of Courage* in 1895 at the age of 26, his only experience of war had come from reading Leo Tolstoy. But the Civil War classic established his place on the forefront of American writers. In order to get the novel published, Crane agreed to submit it to a publisher after his widow, Fanny Flora, had written to Crane's agent, Clara Taylor, last track of the original manuscript. Then in 1979, the University of Michigan's Harry Bender managed to gather the missing pages from university archives. A new edition will be published in June. "It is not simply an improvement, but comes closer to being a different novel," says Bender. Scholar now has to deal with an extra chapter and 55,000 words—1,000 more than had been considered the last word for 81 years.

—ERIKSON

TOP: MARIO BORGO





COVER Jubilant Argentines in Buenos Aires: generations have learned the Malvinas islands were pirated by the British

Britain's call to war

By Thomas Hopkins

It was a week ago on memory and imagination. In Britain, backbones shivered and eyes blazed as a mighty royal armada set sail from Portsmouth. Its mission was to defend a tiny speck of rock that five of the world's leaders on the salt-splashed pier had heard of before last week in Buenos Aires, black-and-white Argentine flags snapping in the full air and a delirious crowd of 50,000 people cheered President Leopoldo Fortunato Galtieri as he stood looking on the same balcony of the Casa Rosada used by Argentina's greatest national heroes, Evita Peron. Forgetting for a moment their ruined economy, the porteños of Buenos Aires roared their approval of the invasion of the Malvinas. The far-flung group of islands, 480 km off the South American coast, wake up in the last generations of Argentine children, have learned who piracy is the English 149 years ago and dubbed the "Falkland Islands."

But as the week wore on, the tin-pot jingoism on both sides of the Atlantic faded. Colder heads began to prevail as the 25-ship British fleet plowed resolutely toward the Rostrero and the likelihood of a shooting war nobody wanted because ever since 1982. Military experts speculated that a British-Argen-

tile clash in or around the Falklands would be sufficiently bloody to assist both governments. Then the British disclosed a 500-page classified "free-for-all" among the wind-torn islands offshoots Easter Monday and diplomatic efforts took on a new urgency.

The Reagan administration, irritated at being placed in the middle between two allies, dispatched Secretary of State Alexander Haig into an embattled round of shuttle diplomacy be-

tween the two capitals. And the rest of the world, which had first viewed the U.K.'s effort to take whatever had—Gibraltar and Svalbard—shakenly, with a somewhat weary hold-the-breath attitude, now saw the situation was nowhere more evident than in Buenos Aires. Maclean's New York bureau chief Jose O'Hara reported: "The Argentine newspaper has dubbed the British armada the 'giant pirate'—pirate fleet—but as the British intention to fight became clearer, supporters here who had praised Galtieri's bold move because more actions along the west coast. The TV television channels are inundated with government ads selling the invasion and whipping up war sentiment. One shows young Argentine troops in full battle dress yelling, 'We're in, we're in, we're in!' It is the only all-youngster take to defend their country. One Argentine businessperson told me the ad would be particularly effective with older people who would remember the glorious days of their youth, such as the Second World War British soldiers fighting in the White Cliffs of Dover."

In Britain the three-hour invasion of the Falklands, following a major diplomatic flap on nearby South Georgia Island, was still being viewed as a national humiliation. It was clearly the most severe test ever of Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's government, and if the Falklands are not recovered,

may well mean the end of her regime. Early in the week Foreign Secretary Lord Carrington and two junior ministers were forced to step down, and throughout the remainder Thatcher fended off calls for her own resignation. Particularly contentious were British press reports that U.S. spy satellites and diplomatic information had tipped the Foreign Office to the invasion 11 days before it occurred. Thatcher denied the charges, saying the government had been warned only two days prior to the predicted Argentine strike.

There was far less dispute over Thatcher's decision to send the fleet to the rescue of the Falklands. 3,000 British citizens. All four British parties supported the move. But some MPs, notably Labour's Tony Benn, charged that the battle fleet is merely a silly echo of the commando raids and cockpit hats of Empire still, supporters of free action, such as Social Democrat David Owen, insisted foreign secretary David Owen, insisted the example of Afghanistan and argued that the president of a successful Argentine invasion of the Falklands would endanger such disputed British protectorates as Gibraltar, Hong Kong and eight other far-flung dependencies.

Even if the British fleet never en-



Falklands capital Port Stanley (left); HMS Hermes leaving Portsmouth Harbor: a sea-grey demonstration of British backbone

proceeded and—a sea-grey demonstration that Britain has the backbone to protect the British islands. The force consists of two anti-submarine aircraft carriers, the Invincible and Hermes, the assault ship HMS Fearless and assorted missile-carrying frigates and destroyers. Also eminently seaworthy were several fast tankers and one cruise ship, the world's third largest, the 48,500-tonne Caledonia, to be used as a

harmless gunboat. Galtieri responded by withdrawing its ambassador for consultations and cancelling all arms shipments that fell short of following New Zealand's example of breaking diplomatic relations is the keeps of participating in a negotiated settlement.

So far, Britain and Argentina have kept nations toward each other to a minimum. The British shot down their embassy in Buenos Aires, and both British Airways and Aerolineas Argentinas discontinued service. An Argentine soccer player with the Tottenham Hotspur in London was booted every time he touched the ball and quickly decided to go to Buenos Aires. For their part, the Argentines have stopped distribution of the British-language daily *Observer* across Brazil. When a 600-strong crew arrived at the airport, it was allowed to enter but its equipment was impounded. Interestingly,

the crew was not permitted to relay its newscasts by satellite, presumably in retaliation for the recalling of the Canadian ambassador.

Perhaps the group watching the current flare-up with the most dismay are the 17,000 Argentine residents holding British passports (out of approximately 300,000 Argentines of British descent). Imperial Britain is much in evidence in

Galtieri setting up a democratic election?



Opposed governor Howe with Thatcher supporters of firm action

troop carrier and hospital ship.

On the economic front, Thatcher froze Argentine assets in Britain and banned some \$300 million worth of import goods. The major grocery chain Dixy quickly moved to strip its shelves of Argentine beef. In Europe, solidarity with Britain led West Germany, France, Belgium and the Netherlands to suspend all arms shipments to the Gal-

Argentina (see story, page 38). Argentina tries to sustain, built along with the railroad by British engineers, are an asset in place of those that dot the English countryside. There is a Harrods department store in Buenos Aires. The Cambridge Hotel and a Queen Anne Tea Parlour. British interests hold an estimated \$5.8 billion in assets in Argentina (now all present, far more than the \$1.5 billion Argentines held in Britain).

But despite the fact that it will be far more costly for Britain to fight its war in the South Atlantic than for Argentina, it is apparent that the Argentine underestimates the resilience British reaction to the seizure of the Falklands. And it is still far from clear why Argentina undertakes the provocative step in the first place. The possibility of oil in Falkland offshore waters is cited as a motive, but experts cannot agree on the

hand in hand. Although civil rights violations and the number of "disappeared" (estimated at 6,000 by Amnesty International) has declined, the economic growth estimate is to fall dramatically downward. A dollar worth 2,000 pesos in 1980 is now worth 16,700 pesos. It costs 300,000 pesos for a cab ride from the airport to downtown Buenos Aires and more than one million pesos for a hotel room.

Argentina should be the economic power of South America, instead, it is on its knees. The cost of living rose 6.3 percent in February, representing a 12-month inflation rate of 349.4 percent. In the past few weeks of the Argentine summer, almost unheard-of anti-government demonstrations (in demonstrating — literally shutters-eaten — have dotted the countrywide. At the end of March, a demonstration in Buenos Aires



Argentine troops (left); British marines; Latin machines meets Gilbert-and-Gibbons cavalry

potential. More likely the intention was a means of raising the profile of President Galtieri, installed in December after hard-line and blood fascists in the army sacked aging former president Roberto Eduardo Viola. Although Argentina has had no free elections since the army threw out Isabel Peron in 1976, Galtieri in recent months has been conspicuous at elaborately staged public appearances, fueling speculation that he is preparing for eventual elections as the government's "official" candidate in 1984. The retaking of the Malvinas would be a powerful launching pad.

But the most likely explanation for the invasion is that the Falklands adventure was a well-posed and popular diversion away from so many things that is reeling out of control. Since the 1976 annihilation of the junta, military repression of civil rights in the successful war against units of the left-wing Montoneros and economic machine have gone

Falkland Island Trading Co., a direct descendant of the great empires of English imperialism, such trading empires as the East India Co. and the Hudson's Bay Co.

The invaders themselves, faced with the prospect of rule by an Argentine junta with a lamentable human rights record, remained surprisingly British. It was a sentiment voiced by early Falklands Governor Sir Masterman Hunt when he broadcast to his fellow invaders in bulletin splashed into Government House, "I'm not surrendering to the bloody Argies." Not surprisingly, when the British government proposed in 1980 that Argentina gain sovereignty over the Falklands on the condition that Britain retain administrative control for at least 25 years, the issue was settled when the junta rejected it.

If Britain is a reluctant savior, its reluctance is deserved in the current crisis because it is not certain of a clear military victory. Although its fleet is superior to Argentina's in number, resources and experience (see chart, page 36), it will be severely hampered by the logistical nightmare of a 32,000-km supply line and uncertain air superiority. The 20 British carrier-based Harrier jets are fewer than the Argentine A-4 Skyhawks that will intercept them. But the Harriers have over a 100-km range compared to the Skyhawks' 1,300 km.

The Falklands battle area is also within range of another 200 land-based Argentine combat aircraft. And military experts question whether the British in fact have the ability to take and hold the islands. An extended Falklands blockade would necessarily include Britain's own 1,800 aircraft. And an Argentine coastal blockade would likely demand too many resources to be effective. Not only that, an embargo could draw in the Soviets, Argentina's largest buyer of grain.

A nuclear threat is considered remote but not unthinkable. Although the British have a full nuclear capability, the Argentines have none, despite a recent report in the New Scientist magazine that Argentina will have a bomb by 1986. Nonetheless, Admiral Carlos Castro Madore, head of the Argentine nuclear energy commission, recently reported that his government reserves the right to detonate a "peaceful atomic device." And the Soviets have announced that they will supply 100 kg of enriched uranium to help with the ex-

The quirky world of Anglo-Argentina

By Jane O'Hara

In the vast Tudor hall of the Harlborough Club, 20 km from London, Argentina, time has stood still. The heavy oak paneling and aged leather. The brass plates and mounted foxes are polished to a silent sheen. In a large mahogany table of carefully arranged copies of *Cavally Left*, *Passe* and *Londoner* defining the bloodstream of the 1886 Asset house sales. In the club bar, florid-faced gentlemen who might well have checked their pocket and pitch helmets at the door stand one another to gin-and-tonic sandwiches, and it is only high tea. To say standards, the 100-year-old Harlborough Club—named after its counterpart on the outskirts of London—is Argentina's most prestigious and well-preserved example of the Regatta at high Victorian tide.

Still, despite the freeze-frame perfection, there was something strangely missing from the arrangement of portraits and busts. "Good God," said club member Donald Jackson, as he pointed out the flaw, his stiff upper lip slightly stricken. "They've taken down the Queen, the bloody cowards."

Marie-Jeanne, where that sketch of Queen Victoria stands, leading to the white fine restaurant only a blank wall remained. The room followed a series of anonymous photo calls that threatened to burn Harlborough to the ground. Club officials hired actors mostly to prevent the 200-plus, 2,000-member British and decided to remove the provocative portrait of the almost-smiling Queen.

With emotions running high by week's end over the Falkland Islands dispute, it was a symbolic concession to anti-British sentiment in Argentina. For the estimated 200,000 Anglo-Argentines, however, many of whom are living the country—the message was more frightening than symbolic. They had not only lost a monarch, they had gained a foe. They were a subculture underground. Britain is officially worried about the 1,800 "hooligans," says Rio Miles, who plans to leave for the Isle of Jersey

this week. "But it seems to have forgotten about us mainlanders."

An entire other element of this slightly silly era, the late-Victorian taste for Harlequinade. Club members, plotting strategy to Uruguay seemed more in keeping with as Sophie Waugh sang in a war-time evocation. In a sense, they seemed inspired by the bucolic clarity of their surroundings—the acres of scented green held in 18-

still half British pastures and bases under truly rugged British terracotta, stone walls, pipe bands, Caribbean bulls and Bodkin Burn rapids are only part of the legacy they still hold fast.

But because they were born in Argentina, a country that does not recognize dual citizenship, Britain does not allow Anglo-Argentines diplomatic protection. "We are international outcasts," said William Jarvis, an Anglo-Argentine who owns a Buenos Aires car dealership and who will reside in Uruguay till the heat passes. "This is the only country in the world where our British parents are citizens. We could appeal to the Argentinian government, but they don't even protect their own."

The precariousness of this disparate sensibility not only sits the 2,000 Anglo-Argentines who fought for Britain in the Second World War, but has also caused ambivalence in their views about the way the British government has handled the Falklands crisis. "I fought for Britain in the war but my grandparents who came out here 150 years ago built this country, and I feel as though it is mine," said Miles. "Britain should have settled this in an international way. It's a stupid dispute. It's up to Argentina. Britain needs off a lot of his friends."

She has already found for the villa life and her wife will soon follow, because in the last week we has raised fallen victim to the Falklands crisis. As a regional manager for a British whisky company, Jenkins is short of anything to sell. The Argentine government impounded his most recent shipment of whisky. Not only that, most of the cash, which he would need to float the country, has been frozen by the British government in his London bank account.

Despite the problems, however, unless wholesale war breaks out and the once between the two countries completely falter, many Anglo-Argentines plan to return. Says Jarvis, as he takes a tip of his Argentine white wine, "This is our home. No matter how often we return to Britain we always end up passing for the paupers."



Rioting Argentines attack British compatriots and Falklandan readers

Image (top): AP/Wide World; (bottom): AP/Wide World

clear program. Weapons-grade plutonium can theoretically be separated from South Africa's only commercial nuclear generating station, the Argentino Atucha plant. A Canadian-Cuba team will be completed in August, 1985, at Estebanito-Hiro Station.

The prospect of a bloody clash between Britain and Argentina is a nightmare thought for Washington. Galtieri was gambling that the United States would not actively oppose his move. Argentina has been a stand-off. Washington only in dealing with El Salvador and a host of supporters of America's anti-communist initiatives. Although the Thatcher government is a philosophical soul mate of the Reagan administration, the Western Hemisphere is in a state of alliance, and London is loath to see a British task force attack there. America wants to develop strategic bases in Paraguay, Ecuador and Chile; Britain in Argentina, and there are no potential partners for American oil drilling companies. All will be used by a who's who in the business to solve the 10-year-old problem.

Galtieri's gamble has apparently paid off. Despite the British insistence that no negotiations are possible until Argentina has left the Falklands, both sides breathed a palpable sigh of relief when Haig set off to play the role of "honest broker." But to keep the government off, Argentina is preparing to sue

that Washington wants to avoid at all costs.

Meeting with both Argentine Foreign Minister Costa Méndez and British Ambassador Sir Nicholas Henderson in Washington last week, Haig is understood to have outlined a possible long-term diplomatic solution involving

around the so-called "Hong Kong" option proposed by the Falkland Islanders in 1980. According to the Haig scheme, Britain would immediately recognize Argentine sovereignty in the Falklands.

Argentina would then negotiate

with the islanders would be leased back to the British for at least 20 years. A possible variation would see the establishment of an interim international peace-keeping force in the islands.

As he circumnavigated the Atlantic at work's end, spending Easter weekend in Buenos Aires, Haig was left with an enormous task and a task. For the Falklands are a tested weapon, a repository of state did not take weapons along on what will be overtly deployment mission.

The reason behind the move is that Haig and his advisers are going to present Haig to open a meeting in London that represents as the plan might pick up an unanticipated research that could offend one ally to another. And the fact was, despite all of the diplomatic talk of global security and biospheric salvation, Haig must finally persuade one state to back down and take the first step toward avoiding a fight before the British blockade deadline. Washington believes this. Britain could take that step simply by announcing that it recognized Argentine sovereignty.

And as for the staunchly British islanders, advisory to Haig point out that they may see the situation very differently now than their homeland has been treated. They may be ready to accept anything that will prevent them being in the eye of a war. The American

diplomatic warning seems to have worked.

As for the stolidly Argentine leaders, they may not that they may see the situation very differently now than their homeland has been treated. They may be ready to accept anything that will prevent them being in the eye of a war. The American

diplomatic warning seems to have worked.

Rather actors than spectators

Argentine activist Adolfo Pérez Esquivel won the 1980 Nobel Peace Prize for protesting his government's human rights violations. He had just been released from prison after being tortured when he fled toward the coast. Last week, the indefatigable Pérez Esquivel was riding a fast in Washington, D.C., about to present US policies in Central America. He was interviewed there by Macario's senior editor Val Flores about the current crisis over the Falklands.

Macario's: You have already expressed support for Argentina's right to the Malvinas-Mitena islands. But what about the right of the islanders to self-determination?

Pérez Esquivel: When I talk of our rights to the territory, I'm talking about Argentines and Malvinians facts. The islands have always belonged to Argentina. But of course the islanders have the right to live there. And if they want to leave, if they want to emigrate, not take away their land, or throw them out, or torture them. As for the Malvinas islanders' future rights, let's be frank: we Argentines

have no civil rights either.

Macario's: Were the people behind President Galtieri in having this invasion?

Pérez Esquivel: The Malvinians important is in symbolically—they're a remnant of colonization. For years the people of Argentina have tried mightily to establish links with the Malvinas' inhabitants, with communication, transportation and help in getting basic items. But the majority of Argentines do not support the annexes of the military junta, nor General León Letta's make no bones clear the Argentines people and the military government are two different things. Under this government we face serious economic and political problems. I Adolfo Pérez Esquivel would have preferred that this issue had been made under a constitutional government and that no people would have been severe rather than sporadic.

Macario's: Will this move increase popular support for President Galtieri?

Pérez Esquivel: I don't know how far the first flush of the excitement, there was euphoria. But now it's hitting us. Galtieri has put us at the brink of war.

Macario's: How long will the Argentine

people give the junta to make a success of the crisis? Or are they crowding on the junta to pull them out?

Pérez Esquivel: The government in Buenos Aires is hoping that the United States will help present armed conflict, but they know it's not the sole responsibility of Washington. Argentina has gone to the SAS and to the United Nations, so we're just going to the Americans for help. But we still don't know Galtieri's position, for example, to the recent separation attempt by US Secretary of State Alexander Haig. There seems to have been no effort by the British to find a solution, though as long ago as 1980, the US approved a resolution that proposed the role of extension

SAs for the domestic popular support for the invasion. It's important in understanding a grave crisis, and the government is deteriorating. For the moment the invasion raises things look better. But the public has put so become more critical of the government and to see whether it's manipulating as Macario's. But your government undermines its own policy of non-intervention.

Pérez Esquivel: Yes, I think Galtieri will fall to consider the risk he was taking. An armed conflict between our two countries is a threat for all humanity.

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reactions of the islanders last week. Fiercely bellicose, they were visibly shaken by the speed of the invasion and openly fearful of a British invasion. As Argentine tanks clanked through the streets of Port Stanley, the islanders took advantage of the lifting of restrictions on movement, but were to take their children to outlying areas away from potential hot spots. And 10 Canadians living on the islands sent a telegram to Prime Minister Trudeau asking him to help keep the situation "calm." The Canadian external affairs department has asked the Argentine government for help in getting the Canadian citizens off the islands and two flight crews—two of the Falklands' only American families from British Colombie, Jim and Barbara Curtis and their two children, fled Canada for the Falklands fearing that their home country would be too vulnerable in the event of a Third World War.

At week's end the outcome of the crisis still remained uncertain. As Bligh frantically tried to put together a deal before the gunboats started, cracks began to show in the Argentine resolve. Edwards Colombe, a 38-year-old porteno who believes he was forced to sell his family uniform-making business due to gov-

ernment mismanagement of the economy, was typical of many Argentines. "Let us not be fooled into thinking that people here do not see the real reason behind [the invasion]," he told *Newsweek*. "Even the most jingoistic admires the policies behind it. The Martians mean nothing to me and I am not worried about the

Martians attempting to forge diplomatic solutions," Interior Minister Alfredo Santoro was assuring reporters. "We will defend our territory at any cost."

In Britain, new Foreign Secretary Francis Pym similarly declared, "Britain does not oppose dictators." And in the mid-Atlantic, in a series of global brinkmanship arrived since the missile stand-off during the 1982 Cuban missile crisis, Harrier aircraft buzzed the decks of British carriers in mock attacks, and Sea King anti-submarine helicopters shattered overhead. But at home, Britons were becoming as wary of the adventure as the Argentines. Foremost in their minds was the question of what Britain could do if it did repossess the Falklands. Faced with the need for protection against a perpetually unpredictable Argentina, the empire here would be unable, the *Times* said. It was that thought that weighed on the minds of British politicians as the howls of its battle fleet arched upward and the armada closed inexorably into what may be the last war of the Empire.

*With Alan O'Meara and Ian MacKenzie-Brown
Anne, David Kennedy in London, William
Lachman in Washington and Helen
Spencer in Santiago.*

British—they will not fire a shot."

Still, in the northern port of Comodoro Rivadavia, the work of war went on. Light planes circled over the darkened town checking the effectiveness of hastily prepared blockade drifts, and derricks loaded tanks and trucks onto transports to beef up the defenses of Argentine forces dug in on the Falklands. Even as Flotilla Monitor Costs

you're preoccupied with the Beagle Passage, but really what happens on the Straits of Magellan is just as important. I wouldn't blanch to say I'd expect to see a squadron from the Argentine navy out in the Red Sea or the Arabian Gulf? You should have seen the admirals' faces when I said it would be possible.

MacKenzie-Brown: Do you view the Falkland Islands invasion as a diversion from Argentina's internal issues?

Hackett: Yes. With inflation running at 350 per cent and long-standing strikes, I hope it won't come to shooting, but if it does, I hope we don't run into terrible bad luck and have a misfired torpedo hit the Invincible or something like that. But given

no very bad luck, we ought to be able to knock these islanders and the thing could wash over the heads of the Argentine armed forces in the outside world and so be wanted to remedy, as he put it, to open the windows on the inside, and I drew the sheet across for that. He had no talk in the joint staffs of stuff about what was going on elsewhere. I remember telling these people,

Galtieri is a realist and unless he's gone off his nut, which I doubt, he can probably size up the fact that as a post-dictator confrontation, he'd be in for a beating.

MacKenzie-Brown: Is there an East-West dimension to this conflict?

Hackett: It is quite certain that the Soviet Union is not about to lose an opportunity to encourage destabilization in the area. **MacKenzie-Brown:** Surely this confrontation is only a symptom of the hemisphere's problems.

Hackett: It's the social discontent down there that are giving rise to all the damage. Unless you tackle the social discontent, you can never do anything to calm it down. I hope the United States is using that

MacKenzie-Brown: So you see the possibility of a wider war?

Hackett: I do. But I still hope people won't start shooting because the impact of open gun warfare is much greater and less controllable than diplomatically. I hope that the thought behind the blockade is stabilized will be used by the British government to seek a way out, in which they should have the help of realistic in

Military window on the world

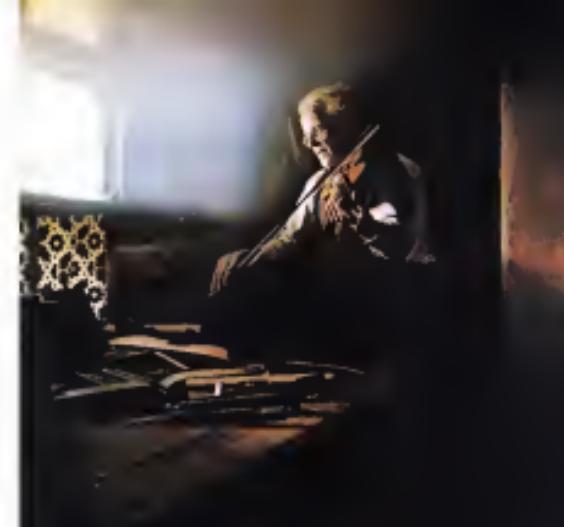
Gen. Sir John Herlitz is an outstanding British soldier-scholar and the country's foremost strategic thinker. By his own deputy chief of the Imperial General Staff as well as holding senior MAFS appointments. On a brief visit to Toronto last week, he was interviewed by MacKenzie's Eddie Peter C. Neumann.

MacKenzie: How do you view the Argentine situation and its real costs?

Herlitz: Well, I know President Galtieri. We worked while I was in Buenos Aires giving some lectures 18 months ago. It was a rather interesting occasion. Up to then, the armed forces in Argentina had been used exclusively for the suppression of internal disorder. For them, nothing is really worth saying that that method was poor, but at least they had been successful. At that point, he turned to the subject of the Argentine armed forces in the outside world and so he wanted to remedy, as he put it, to open the windows on the inside, and I drew the sheet across for that. He had no talk in the joint staffs of stuff about what was going on elsewhere. I remember telling these people,



Sir John Herlitz



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Poland's rising tide of conformity

By Peter Lewis

THE warning was unmistakable. As the clock nudged 1815 on an otherwise quiet and obscure Warsaw night, the lights suddenly flashed on like headlights on a film set, and confused visitors fanned out to each table to present gifts. Nobody needed to be told why it was advisable to pay up and leave at the signal. In less than an hour, the orderly slipped on Warsaw when martial law was introduced on a winter night four months ago would come into effect. Drivers and staff who failed to make it home in time were liable to be picked up by an army patrol and held overnight—or longer.

Last week, as Polish chief Gen. Wojciech Jaruzelski flew to Prague to brief Czech President Gustav Husak on the situation in his country—he paid similar calls on Moscow and East Berlin in March—he was able to ride the silence that falls on Poland every night with the 11 o'clock curfew to proof that his army had brought the rebellious Poles to heel. The Polish spring has not brought with it the hope for uprising against martial law—which Solidarity's chattering branch had promised in its slogan: "The winter is yours, spring is ours." Instead, there is a heavy-hearted realization among Poles that their march to change has been halted. An associate professor at Warsaw University commented that the curtain may not have come down for good, but, he added, it seems final enough to make even an optimist think of resigning.

As the country drifts further into "normalization," the memory of its December flirtation with revolution receding against a tide of conformity, it is hard to find a single Pole who still thinks that Lech Wałęsa and his Solidarity trade union are destined to rise again. "They had their moment and passed it," says Warsaw journalist Henryk Tomaszewski, "in the final two weeks before the Dec. 12 crackdown, martial law was more 'Poland'



Jaruzelski visiting West Germany the spring before martial law

has found stability under Jaruzelski's gaze," he says. "It's the stability you feel lying on the stone floor of a jail."

Life has slowed down to an orderly routine centred on work, family concerns and the nightly curfew. Still, food and other consumer goods are in

short supply with strangers but not out of fear for their safety—Jaruzelski's policemen could not build a jail large enough to contain Poles who harbour "counterrevolutionary" thoughts. Instead, instead of social ferment followed by the enforcement of martial law have damped people's emotions, causing them to withdraw into their private lives. When the retreat is politically motivated—it is undoubtedly so for most members—Poles call it the process "internal emigration."

But public life—the what passes for it—has also become drab. Restaurants are largely empty as a result of the curfew. Though film houses and theatres start their programs early enough to give audiences time to get home, few people seem to have the heart for cultural enlightenment. Elsewhere, censored newspapers are being reprinted, and TV and radio, under the ironclad hand of party ideologue Stefan Olszewski, have become a national joke.

Those who feel most abashed by events are the young, who see a door closing slammed on their future. The vast majority, depressed and listless, see no point in resisting authority. The few who do quickly confront the military's tight grip. It appears likely that Poland's drive for freedom, so magnificent and seemingly invincible a year ago, will fade in the months ahead, into what an American economist stationed in Warsaw called the usual East European game of cops-and-thieves.

It is difficult to grasp how the experience with freedom, the clearest challenge to Soviet power in Central Europe since Stalin's postwar empire was established, could have collapsed so suddenly and completely. One eminent Polish sociologist explains that the choice of ordinary Poles for stability provides the clearest answer. After staring closely and coldly at the ledger for the dollar (always a barometer of economic health) currently hovers around \$30 dollars, compared with \$80 in December. Most people now tend to hold their

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SOVIET UNION

Last days in the Kremlin

Soviet rulers traditionally move of the stage to merge or retire. And following the example of Joseph Stalin, who died in the Kremlin, and Nikita Khrushchev, who was ousted after a firebrand leader's fall from grace, Mikhail Gorbachev's final shock over the teachings of martial law has long gone way to indifference when people perceive him as being youthful leaders on the sidewalk they supply stare through them.

The man gazing past the Palace window new is to predict when martial law will end. Poland's factories and streets are as quiet as military rule could probably be lifted immediately without the leadership causing any risk of trouble. But party officials expect the soldiers to stay armed until the end of the year—if only to give the authorities time to make economic reforms thick and to take the problems of what to do with unarmed Solidarity members. Military rule, officials add, could also serve as a buffer against possible unrest once the full impact of February's price increases sinks in with Polish households. Up to now, an elaborate corruption scheme has enabled people from the shock of having to pay a full 50% of the average monthly wage for a kilo of pork.

The leadership also fears that industrial trouble may erupt when a combination of Western economic sanctions and internal reforms aimed at making Polish resources more competitive leads to increased unemployment. Edmundo Sadozai, the most militant behind the party's drive to strengthen and streamline the economy, estimated last week that as many as 300,000 workers could soon find themselves unemployed because of austerity measures. Other officials gleefully predict that the lack of hard currency to buy raw materials and spare parts will force 60 big Polish factories to close before the summer.

Indeed, as a result of the freeze as political life, attention in official circles is now focused almost entirely on the country's economic plight. When Western banks agreed in Frankfurt last week to allow Poland to reschedule \$4 billion in debts that Warsaw had been unable to pay last year, the Polish media were ecstatic. Commentators saw the damage, which saved Poland from default, as a sign that the West's opposition to martial law was beginning to weaken. But to most Poles the decision meant nothing. A hotel manager, for one, explained that the rescheduling was of concern only to Jaruzelski and the leaders. It would not, he said sadly, make him a free man. □

for comes when Brezhnev is sick."

Meanwhile, in Moscow, there were clear signs that the Kremlin succession struggle is already under way. The Patriarch of the Russian Orthodox church, who is also the spiritual leader of the Kremlin, and his wife, Natalia Glazunova, who was honoured after a firebrand leader's fall from grace, Mikhail Gorbachev's funeral in January, by working jabs and shoving apart. Then, six weeks later, a Brezhnev and Gorbachev portrait was sacked in front



A belligerent Brezhnev clinging to his leadership and ally

Brezhnev's personally appointed successor, Konstantin Chernenko, now seems to be a likely interim leader, but he looks head-banging. He is thought to be the author of the relatively flexible position that the Kremlin has taken in Poland since Stalin's death.

By far, Brezhnev himself has given no outward indication of being the first Soviet leader in history to retire gracefully. At week's end, his signature continued to appear on messages and documents published in official state media of the Soviets, apparently to mark a significant softening of approach. But Bill Rohr, of the Washington-based Russian Institute for Advanced Russia Studies, for one, dispelled that view. "I see Brezhnev's offer as a ploy to make it look as if he's serious about negotiations when he may not be," he declared. "It's so much of a coincidence that the of-

Having climbed from a humble survivor's family in the Ukraine, through the nose-edged intrigues of the Stalinist era, to one of the two most politically powerful jobs in the world, the man with the bushy eyebrows has developed a grip on power that few others can challenge. —Val Ross in Moscow with correspondents' reports

Chernenko: a possible heir



The Islamic revolution turns against its own

By Robin Wright

The chilling tale is told by a widely respected diplomat who is afraid to give his name. He holds a photograph of a beheaded Iranian girl. She had been one of the original organizers of the revolution, one of the chanting maidens who had marched in the streets of Tehran in support of Ayatollah Khomeini. Then, two weeks ago she was executed on the grounds of treason after being accused of "treasonable" dissident guards who raided her home, seized her works by Flaubert, Rousseau and Tolstoy to be used against her at a trial that was never held. Even more chilling for her friends was the fact that her death was never officially reported.

This month, as Iranians observed the third anniversary of the founding of the republic, the celebrations were dampened by an unusual level of fear even among those who had originally supported the movement as evidenced by last week's ascent of former foreign minister Baha Gohardoust. Far from being the last shah's reign of terror, the Khomeini regime has continued the fears of arbitrary arrest and execution associated with the former kingdom's secret police. Most diplomats in Tehran reacted that Amnesty International's figure of 4,000 executions since 1979 represents only one-third of the actual toll.

Even at the celebrations themselves there was sadness at the underlying terror. A chaperoned schoolgirl said that she only attended the events because she was afraid that her absence might be noted by the Islamic revolutionaries that keep watch of work and play in her neighborhood. A taxi driver said he decided to take part after he was stopped



Iranian women in chador: growing discontent despite the omnipresent surveillance

by a revolutionary guard who asked why he was not "celebrating." In spite of the unanticipated cancellation of the traditional celebration of both autumn and national unity, last Khomeini's regime has continued the fears of arbitrary arrest and execution associated with the former kingdom's secret police. Most diplomats in Tehran reacted that Amnesty International's figure of 4,000 executions since 1979 represents only one-third of the actual toll.

Part of Iran's economic woes undoubtedly stems from the nation's 28-month war with Iraq, a conflict that has reportedly drained the country of \$250 million a month just for weapons and supplies. But general inefficiency and mismanagement by inexperienced personnel have made over oil, which remains the core of the economy, a favored headache. Pre-revolutionary production of five million barrels a day has dropped by an estimated 30 per cent, according to economic analysts.

Also, consequences in post-revolutionary Iran in the custodial school system. Women shrouded in full-length black shadows have been removed from jobs, dissuaded from schooling and segregated from men. Meanwhile, the universities have been shut down and secondary schools curtailed. Students and signs declarations of loyalty to the regime before they are admitted, and their behavior is monitored by革命派系 committees made up of fellow students and staff. Even the schoolbooks are being rewritten, erasing references to the outside world and constraining on Islamic theology and history.

It may seem unlikely, however, that much will change while Khomeini, 81, is still leader. And reports of his poor health are discounted by diplomats in Tehran who claim he is frail but not failing—pointing to his family's longevity. Even in the post-Khomeini era, the Islamic republic is likely to endure. Islamic republicanism is a messianic movement, and even in its decline articulates the engine in terms of the emanation passivity of its subjects and of their ability to absorb tremendous abuse. It is both the base and the springboard for the revolutionaries' endurance. □

Iranian tanks deployed against Iraq; economic woes are depredating Iran's oil wealth



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The Blacks launch a new offensive



By James Fleming

As a canny man goes, Conrad H. Black has attracted controversy at a surprising rate. Analysts accompanied his stunning emergence into the upper echelons of corporate power in 1978 when he landed himself at the head of Argus Corp., and associates have attended his moves ever since. At the same time, detractors—albeit a minority—have sprung from the shadows at his success, suggesting that his ascent is driven by an overweening desire for empire-building that sometimes ignores the best interests of shareholders. But the critics' accusations have been unable to faze Black or what may be his most provocative tool: a boldness that has left corporate heads quaking in his wake. If confirmation of that was needed, it was provided last week when Black and his older brother, Meagan, moved in to maneuver what is likely one of their most audacious offensives yet.

As the reigning powers of Ravelston Corp., a private holding company with controlling interests in a clutch of enterprises including Helmsley Argus (formerly Argus Corp. and Belanger Mines), and Norcen Energy (see chart), the brothers engaged in a bitter takeover battle for control of Hanna Mining Co., a profitable mining concern based in Toledo, Ohio.

By launching the foray for Hanna—which, if successful, would in-

crease Norcen's holdings in the firm from 8.8 to 21.5 per cent—the Black brothers have pitted themselves against what may prove to be their most formidable adversaries in due course: a group of angry Hanna directors backed by a number of friendly and powerful U.S. companies, which may step in to snuff out the offer of the Canadian interlopers.

Just how deeply the renegade team at Hanna's boardroom was won over by the company's president, Robert F. Anderson, is unclear; that the nation's third-ranked oil company, Belanger Mining, did not appear to have either the financial strength or the management expertise to make an important contribution to this company. Then, despite the offer of 40.5 shares "equivalents," Hanna's directors fled west to Cleveland's Federal District Court and obtained a temporary restraining order against the bid. At noon hearings beginning on April 18, Hanna will seek a temporary injunction to scuttle Norcen's offer. Among other things, the suit alleges that Norcen exceeded its intentions to gain control of Hanna when it bought 8.8 per cent of the company's shares in the fall of 1980.

The normally outspoken Conrad Black did not reply publicly to the charges until preceding Judge John M. Marion fired all parties in the dispute from doing so. But while the companies' lawyers prepared their arguments, the financial community was busy speculating on the motives behind the takeover attempt.

Not surprisingly, the consensus was that the brothers were in a "no-loss" situation. On the face of it, gaining a controlling interest in Hanna would be a sizable prize to seize. The mining company reported 1981 earnings of \$44 million (U.S.). As National's President Edward Battle told Maclean's, Hanna's assets are attractive, especially since Norcen is also a resource company. Besides, Hanna would provide as another base through which the Black empire could expand into the United States.

The more probable view of the

Hanna strategy, however, is to gain increased exposure to a major source of Hanna's revenues, the Iron Ore Co. of Canada (IOC). Under the tutelage of President Bruce Mulroney—who has restored industrial peace to the company and trebled its earnings since taking its reins in 1979–1980—it has transformed itself a struggling operation to a very profitable. And last year, its profits were up to \$164 million. The U.S.-based company, comprising the Black empire, Lakehead Mining, is reaping regular dividends from its ownership of its three-per-cent stake in IOC. Hanna, however, is not the only 21.5-per-cent owner in IOC. Des Co. and serves as its primary tenant. (Hence President Anderson is the chairman of Iron Ore's board.) As a result, property owned by Hanna would bring IOC Co. with its impressive revenues, firmly into the Black empire.

There is also the possibility that if Norcen could grab up 20 per cent of Hanna's shares, it could negotiate a swap for Hanna's stake in Iron Ore or for an 80-per-cent share of Lakehead Mining. At the same time, there is a strong chance that Hanna might find a U.S. white knight to buy a portion of stock large enough to neutralize Norcen's bid. But that would raise the prospect of the Foreign Investment Review Agency stepping in to review the change in ownership of Hanna's Canadian holdings and should Hanna be ordered to divest itself of its interest in Lakehead Mining and IOC, Inc., Norcen would stand as good a chance as any company to purchase the shares in the ensuing scramble. The worst outcome for Norcen would be if the court ruled against it and ordered it to give up its current 8.8-per-cent interest in Hanna. But even then, Norcen could make a handsome capital gain on the sale of the shares.

In the meantime, the Blacks face what promises to be a long and bitter court battle. Already some of the sporting shots have been fired by the two Cleveland law firms representing the opposing sides (Squire Stollars for Norcen, Jones Day for Hanna). McDonald has learned that Jones Day has served a writ for all Norcen's documents relevant to the case, ranging from intercorporate memos to the minutes of board meetings. It is also expected that the Black brothers and Battle will be called on to give testimony in Cleveland, along with Hanna officials. Ironically, however, the chairman may not be the only place where the posturing and clash in the weeks ahead Anderson, Battle and Conrad and Meagan Black are due to attend a May 12 board of directors meeting of Lakehead Mining in Toronto. If they all attend, the mood promises to be at its best. □

A banker battles the media

Twice in recent Canadian history, major financial institutions have collapsed following a barrage of negative news stories. The short-lived Emily Bank of Canada disappeared in 1977 when depositors were reassured, by erroneous headlines, that just a year ago, Quebec's Canada Trust had gone bankrupt, under after depositors refused to withdraw their funds in response to TV reports of bad financial health. When the credit rating of the country's largest bank—the Montreal-based National Bank of Canada—was questioned because of bad news as a result of its financial troubles.

And although the bank's troubles

do not that serious problems do exist. The bank's loss of \$20 million in the first quarter of 1982 diminished the suspicion of such financial analysts—so far, at least.

Last week, the bank's stock hit a low of \$4.25 a share down from a 1982 high of \$15.50. The drop closely followed a decision of the National's credit rating to be lowered to fourth category by the Dun & Bradstreet Rating Service.

For one part, Belanger considered that his bank's situation is very different from a number of major banks in Canada whose profits have dropped in recent months.

Wherever the extent, the bank's difficulties are a result of a combination of high interest rates and the merger that brought it into being in 1979. Created by a marriage of the Provincial Bank of Canada and the Banque canadienne, respectively, the new bank was saddled with a network of redundant branches and an overstuffed headquarters. Belanger does not deny that the problems were formidable. But the case that he has closed down a total of 260 branches, a fact that he regards as "impressive."

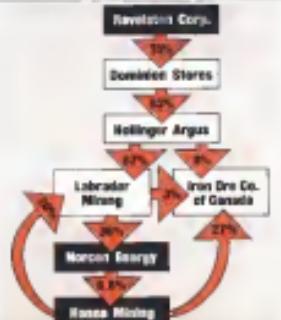
Belanger's own credentials are certainly cause for investor confidence. A French former provincial government minister, he went on to preside over the Mutual Stock Exchange before taking the reins of the Provincial Bank in 1976. Moreover, Belanger is convinced that part of the criticism directed at the National is a result of the "parochial spirit of Toronto." Added Belanger: "It seems to me that there is an attitude that these poor, dumb guys in Montreal don't quite know what they're doing."

The National's chairman is not alone in his contention that the bank's problems are being overblown. Said Macpherson: "We are paying close attention to the bank and are in regular contact with its executives. We are confident that they are doing the right things to turn it around." For the time being, some of the National's cost-cutting measures—such as staff and pay cuts—are costing public confidence. But as is easier the trend, the National has



Belanger: It's about that serious problems do exist

The Hanna/Norcen contestants



launched a major advertising campaign in Quebec, indicating Belanger's understanding of the importance of public opinion. He was, after all, president of the Provincial Bank when it absorbed the Unity Bank in 1957. In fact, as Macpherson pointed out, "the whole banking system exists on public confidence" so that the danger of withdrawal by a panicky public "is present all the time. It is hard to say what could trigger it, but often the wrong sort of news stories will do it." Even if a bank had to face a greater run than it could handle, added, the Bank of Canada would lend at the required funds and in the unlikely event of a bank's collapse, preferred depositors are insured for up to \$50,000 by the Canada Deposit Insurance Corp.

As for the National Bank, Macpherson believes some analysts exaggerate the situation. "I think there has been some irresponsible talk in the street," he says. "It's a way of life in Canada that banks do not fail. Everything will be done to ensure that won't happen. People need not get scared." Michael Belanger would wholeheartedly agree. —DAVID THOMAS in Montreal

A grim parade of economic facts

Depite his reputation for unctuous political talents, Finance Minister Allan MacEachern has assure claimed that he ranks at the art of economic crystal-ball gazing. Recently, he confirmed that the current recession is worse than he expected when he was drawing up the budget in November. But last week his admission was bashed up in the starkest terms as far as economists and commentators from both government and private agencies released a volley of bad economic reports on the Canadian economy—and left little hope for relief in the coming months.

The worst news of the week was sprung by Statistics Canada just in Ottawa was preparing to close shop for Easter. Unemployment, the agency reported, was at the highest level since 1939—with 3.8 million Canadians out of work. The worst-hit areas were Ontario and Manitoba, while already job-poor Newfoundland—like Alberta—showed little change.

The report of nine-per-cent unemployment came on the back of another Statistics study that cast doubt on the predictions of some economists that the end of the slump may be imminent. Any signs that the recession will end soon, said the report, have "practically vanished." Proof of the severity of the downturn came from the government agency's leading composite index—the



Inferno-like conditions in Toronto's "Diaspora seeking blood out of the economy"

which measures key activities in the economy. It fell again in January by 3.4 per cent, bringing the decline since the start of the recession one month ago to 18.4 per cent.

Adding to the wretched circus was a survey of 18 private economic forecasters carried out by the Conference Board of Canada. It concluded that the recession promises to be "the longest and probably most severe in the post-war period." John Lester, the economist in charge of the survey, told MacEachern that forecasters don't expect a turnaround until at least the middle of the year, "and even then they're not talking about a 'soaring recovery'." Even worse, this reversal might be followed by yet another recession in 1983. The major cause of the slump, the survey concluded, was the high interest rate policies of the Bank of Canada and the U.S. government.

While MacEachern agreed with the economists' conclusions, his parliamentary secretary, Douglas Fisher, was left alone in the House of Commons to defend the government's policies. He attempted to divert the wrath of opposition critics by referring them to a statement by the central bank's governor, Gerald Bouey. On Tuesday, Bouey told an Ottawa audience of businessmen and top civil servants that high interest rates must be maintained to fight inflation, unemployment and recession even if it means a cut in Canadi-

an standard of living. But Fisher's tactic in Parliament did not impress New Democratic Party finance critic Nelson Hiltz. He angrily called Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau a "Diaspora seeking blood out of the economy." Similar sentiments were expressed in Toronto by a group of angry demonstrators calling for an end to high interest rates.

Adding to MacEachern's troubles is the fact that the U.S. economy—despite the grand economic plan of President Ronald Reagan—is not much better off. The official rate there is also hovering around two per cent, but both industrial production and GNP are at lower levels now than in 1979. The only comfort The Wall Street Journal could give readers on its front-page last week was a consensus among experts that the slump won't turn into a 1930s-style depression.

Meanwhile, Canadian investors still appear to have little faith in the country's economic future. A report released by Pringle Mackay Ross Ltd last week said that direct investment by Canadians abroad has "now reached tidal wave proportions." Last year's \$3-million outflow was as large, and economist Neils Beck, that "it is staggering to assume" that the number must be wrong. In the view of many observers, that is probably the secret wish of MacEachern as regards the all the economic statistics.

—IAN AUGUSTIN in Toronto



SPORTS

A circus under the big 'O'

It seemed like a good idea at the time because Nelson Shulman approached to be an Al. The real estate wunderkind bought the Montreal Alouettes for \$2.5 million last year. He brought in high-priced talent, saying the other eight owners "should be paying me because they [former U.S. stars] Vince Ferragamo et al and rookies David Overstreet and Keith Gary" will bring so many people to their park. The first problem—among many—was that previous few came to the Olympic Stadium to watch the Larks win three of 17 games. Before the end of last season, City Commissioner Jake Guindon commented that "it would not interest the league." If Shulman moved on this week, Guindon is not the only one with his fingers crossed.

The Al's under Shulman, set records only for losses—reportedly between \$2 million and \$3 million. But their floundering on the field was only a prelude to the off-field fiasco that may not yet be resolved. Among the complications was \$200,000 owed to the Olympic installations Board for rent. The board, overseer of the only building on which whose roof is in its basement, was within hours of revoking the Al's lease on the stadium when Harry O'Connor quashed that fire, but not before being in the centre of others.

The Al's floundering on the field was only a prelude to their off-field fiasco

Shulman had purchased the Vancouver Canadians baseball club from O'Connor and he still owes him \$1.4 million. Shulman recruited O'Connor as a governor of the Al's to ease the transition, but his appointment cited George Allen, former NFL coach, who had struck a deal with Shulman in February to run the club and possibly buy it. Allen threatened to quit. Then things apparently got worse. Doug Overstreet and Keith Gary apparently the two managers had been given another \$200,000 loan that was due in 1982 unless they sold with the Al's. Should they play elsewhere, the half million goes to O'Connor.

Allen's 35-year-old son, Bruce, entered the picture when his father ap-

pointed him vice-president. His three-year deal calls for \$150,000 (U.S.). The Al's creditors were not amused. Nor were they pleased when George gave away a \$60,000 (Cdn) advance on his salary, or by the clause in his contract that provides two free round-trip to Cathartes monthly.

As Guindon contemplated a longer without Montreal last week, a tentative deal was struck. Allen and associates would buy the club from Shulman for \$2.5 million—if Shulman cleared up his existing debts, reportedly as high as \$1.2 million, by this week. If all goes well, the only episodes in the map open not accepted would be approval of the sale by the league, the serial question of French ownership to be settled by the Foreign Investment Review Agency and that owner refused of folding a team that can win more than three games. —HAL QUINN

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Oh choke, where is thy sting?

By Trent Frayne

Once, "choke" was a dirty word in the tiny hampshire of sports. It meant that failure was a certainty in pressure situations, that a player lacked the courage of a tortoise. When Dan Cherry and Tex Blakely were on the road in pursuit of the Stanley Cup, they were often depicted clutching their throats when a referee made a call against them. The gesture was understandable. He lacked the guts to risk the wrath of the home-town customers. When Zemir Andrusyshyn was missing field goal attempts for the Toronto Argonauts in the late 1970s, he became known as a choke artist, one who couldn't put the pants on the board when they mattered.

Contrarily, Turk Brada, now reviewed a couple of generations ago as what used to be called "a playful goal tender." During the season, Brada rarely was a contender for the Vezina Trophy (he won it only twice) but he always excelled in the playoffs. Turk's employer, Cam Neely, an early-day George Sheppard, easily dismissed the goals' rare talent as the virtues of a guy who didn't have enough imagination to be nervous.

In more recent times and in some enlightened annals, though, there is no longer the connotation of disgrace attached to the word. It isn't leverage anymore. Not everywhere is it confined to darts.

"I choked," John McInerney said matter-of-factly. He was seated at an unpretentious booth in a glorified cafeteria in Maple Leaf Gardens. He had been shaded by the young Czech star Ivan Lendl in a \$30,000 tournament last winter. In a third-set tie breaker, McInerney needed one point for the set. Big Mac slumped a backhand volley, reaching high and missed. His shot dropped into the net. Nobody could believe it.

But the Rest could believe it. He dropped that set and the next set and lost the match by three sets to one. "I choked," he repeated. "I didn't expect to win my chance. But I thought it was a pretty good match."

No need. We're hanging the head. Just a routine mistake. Some shots you make, some shots you miss.

Has the world's best golfer ever choked? Tom Watson's blue eyes were bared as he considered the question last week at the Masters tournament. He is the defending champion. He has al-

ready won two tournaments this season, both in playoffs. He nimbly lobbed Johnny Miller with a birdie on the third extra hole in the Los Angeles Open, and his put down Frank Conroy with a par on the third overtime hole in the Merit Classic. Two tournaments, \$50,000. Here's a guy with state-of-the-art nerves, overall? Not quite.

"Everybody chokes," Tom Watson says this day in Atlanta, Ga. Then his hapless face breaks into a rueful smile. He remembers the final round of the Canadian Open at Gles Alley three years ago. There he was, the leader after 18 holes. Now it's the third hole on Sunday, a par three over water. Tom Watson makes six. It costs him the tournament. Lee Trevino wins it by a single shot. Normally the most nervous of the young professionals in the men's business, Watson strides grumpily from the 18th green to the parking lot without even changing out of his golf shoes.

"Choking is as much a part of golf as

rainy days," Watson says. "It's something you've got to accept and cope with. Watson doesn't grope for a sophomore, for such words as tension or pressure. He just says choking is a hazard to be acknowledged on the road to the winner's enclosure."

So how does he deal with it?

"Well, physically, by breathing deeply for one thing," Watson says. He puts his arms wide, hands open and wiggles them. "I shake my arms," he says. "I literally try to shake myself sober."

Mentally, it's another matter. He can't get to zero, but I imagine that something like it would be a benefit. The best he can do is to try to have positive thoughts, not to consider the consequences of a bad shot in a critical situation, to try to realize the absurdity in panicking and in profit by it. Like, I'll switch to a shorter club if I normally take a five-iron, I'll switch to a six."

Johnny Miller is another world-class showman who recognizes choke signs. He is a bland, skinny fellow with 30 tour victories whose approach to combating failure in the big money events differs from Watson's. Miller's recipe is all physical to get into contention in the early rounds so that he isn't compelled to play catch-up. He had to do that in the Masters last year when he was the runaway to Watson, in 1975 when Jack Nicklaus stood between him and the revered green coat of Augusta, and in 1977 when he chased Charles Coody to the bag on the 18th hole.

"It's hard to make up a lot of shots on Sunday," Miller said last week. "What happens is that you put too much strain on your game. You choke along the way. The weakest part of it is going to collapse under the tension. When you have to catch up, sometimes you really choke. With some players, it's their drive, or lesson. With me it's the putting."

In baseball, where changing attitudes do not always come with the speed of light, at least one manager, Pittsburgh's Chuck Tanner, reads from the word "choke" as from a starved harpista. "That's a bad word," I'd never say that word," Tanner admonished. "Sandy Koufax was the greatest pitcher I ever hit against, but he'd get hurt—you know why. Because he's a human being. He's not that word you used, we are, not at this level." Chuck shock has graying old head like hatted the word. It was a word he could choke on.

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WHO FEELS IT KNOWS IT?
Rita Marley
(Shameka/Boat)

The first solo LP from Bob Marley's widow debuts this week even as she weeps in reggae matinée. Rita Marley took the big step last year when she recorded the controversial One Drop, the liveliest anthem to Marley yet. The album, however, often sounds like a mix of her late husband's songs and much tamer ones. The full sound of Marley's on the title track, "A Job Jah," and the soulful "I'm Still Waiting" should have great appeal in a market still dominated by reggae. Support from the queen of Jamaica's众多 players and Rita Marley's rich vocal style, ranging from gospel to Motown, make this a confident debut.

TEAR IT UP—LIVE!
Black Uhuru
(Mango/Trend)

While others in reggae seek an alliance with popular music, Black Uhuru sticks militantly to its uncompromised roots sound. A trio of vocalists backed by a dense reggae rhythm section, Uhuru sings to protest social injustice while espousing the Rasta faith. Michael Rose, the group's chief lyricist, pens an inventively bad voice. On "Lounging for Zion," the best cut, Rose's phrasings are jazz-inspired, while his chorals set a pro-life message on African soil than would hamstring for Stone Eye Gal. Uhuru's engaging, ferocious sound is roasting in concert. The live recording, driving into improvisational staging and dub, is the way the band should be heard—and at a substantial volume.

—NICHOLAS JONES

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CONSUMERISM

The butter vs. margarine war heats up

By Kathleen McDonnell

For nearly a generation, Canadians have believed that by lowering their intake of animal fats, especially those found in cholesterol-rich eggs and butter, they could keep heart disease at bay. In more recent years, "polyunsaturated" became the new buzzword as many consumers turned to margarine and other vegetable oils, production high in these supposedly more benign fats. Now, a federal department of health and welfare committee has made recommendations for label changes on margarines and oils that will give the consumer yet another term to worry about: linoleic acid. And neither butter nor margarine industry representatives are happy about the proposed changes. Both factions claim the

Proposed label changes on margarines will give the consumer yet another new term to worry about: linoleic acid

new labels will only further confuse the public.

The recommendations of the Committee on the Composition of Special Margarines, which may soon come up for federal cabinet approval, would allow special labeling for margarines containing a minimum of 25 per cent linoleic acid, the chief polyunsaturated fatty acid and an essential dietary nutrient. Until now, margarines have been labeled polyunsaturates as a group only. Recent studies, however, have found that linoleic acid protects against cardiovascular disease because of its apparent ability to actually lower blood cholesterol. The catch is that because linoleic fatty acids are easily derived from vegetables, they account for only 18 per cent of most North American total fat intake. On that basis, the committee's report specifically urges Canadians to eat more linoleic acid.

But a counter-report produced by the Dairy Bureau of Canada vehemently rejects that conclusion. It charges that

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TORONTO, The Westin
VANCOUVER, The Westin Empress
WINNIPEG, The Westin

UNITED STATES

ATLANTA, Peachtree Plaza
BOSTON, The Westin (July 1981)
CHICAGO, The Westin
CHICAGO (O'Hare)
The Westin (July 1980)
CINCINNATI, The Westin
CORTES MESA (Orange County, CA)
The Westin (South Coast Plaza)
DALLAS, The Westin (July 1983)
DETROIT (Renasant Center),
HAWAII (Honolulu, Maui-Kau Beach
HAWAII (Honolulu, Waikiki)
HAWAII (Honolulu, Waikiki)
The Westin Kai
The Westin Waikiki
HOUSTON, The Westin Galleria
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KANSAS CITY, MO
The Westin (Midwest Center)
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the essential nutrients consumers into varying brands and an "x" that can prevent heart disease." According to coauthor Dr. German Bruson, professor of nutrition at Laval University in Quebec, there is also evidence for the Health and Welfare committee's endorsement. "There is no need at the present time to alter the kinds of fats we are consuming," he said. Indeed, the proposed regulations were developed at first by Dr. Eric Coffin of Health and Welfare's Bureau of Nutritional Sciences, acknowledges that the public already has difficulty understanding current package labeling. But he adds, "It is the committee's hope that [the new label] will simplify things."

Ironically, although the new regulations will substantially boost margarine consumption, many manufacturers, such as Monarch, will more than likely promote their superiority

meeting the new 25-per-cent quantity requirement for broader and labeling. Those that do meet the standards want to trumpet the health benefits in their packages. But current food and drug laws prohibit this. Says Allan Phillips, vice-president of marketing for Monarch Pure Foods, whose margarine, being low, contains the highest level of linoleic acid: "There will be more words on the package, but the consumer has no ability to find out what those words mean." Some manufacturers, such as Monarch, will more than likely promote their superiority



**Vanierine and butter advertisements
touting their products' healthiness**

through harder-hitting ads, such as the slogan of the butter industry, which can only claim that butter is made purely and simply.

But margarines are not necessarily the health product that they seem. Almost all contain high levels—up to 50 per cent—of what are known as trans-fatty acids. Produced during hydrogenation, the process that坚firms margarine for packaging, trans-fatty acids may, according to some studies, raise blood cholesterol levels and pose a variety of other health risks. The body, says Brown, does not absorb these the same way as the naturally occurring fatty acids. "In a sense they could be viewed as food additives," he points out. The committee calls for reductions in the levels of these substances, as well as further research into their health effects. However, no safe level for trans-fatty acids can be determined at present, cautions Bruson. "There are too many unanswered questions."

That is no understatement. Indeed, the long-standing debate on the role of dietary fats in causing heart disease continues unabated. A well-respected Dutch researcher, Koos Gordis, unequivocally states that blood cholesterol levels have "a tremendous influence [on heart disease] and must be lowered." Bruson warns that the public has become unnecessarily "cholerericized" because consumption of animal fats in fact has very little effect on blood cholesterol levels. And he further claims that most studies have failed to demonstrate any clear link between blood cholesterol levels and heart disease. "This is generally accepted in the scientific community, but it has not yet filtered down to the public."

Given the negligible among experts, and the blandness of dairy and margarine ads—all touting the healthiness of their products—the beleaguered margarine may well decide to fall back on that old and very personal argument:

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MEDICINE

Treating the unborn child as a patient

By Pat O'Rourke

"They told me the baby would probably die before he was born. So I did it because I wanted to have him," says 20-year-old Denise Skaya of Winnipeg. "So far, Skaya's donor hasn't been found, so she is raising money for other babies."

While Matthew Shantz may never see just a normal baby to his mother, obstetricians and pediatric surgeons in several North American centres think he is a special child indeed. For what Skaya did to save Matthew's life was to consent to use experimental operations when he was a 36-week-old fetus in her womb.

Last April at St. Boniface General Hospital in Winnipeg, obstetrician Frank Manning inserted a long surgical needle through Skaya's abdomen, through the five skin layers of the 12-inch-long fetus, and into the fetal bladder, which was greatly distended. He then slid a thin catheter through the needle, leaving one end in the balloonized bladder and the other opening in the amniotic sac. As the fetus grew, the urine was able to drain, creating enough amniotic fluid for the lungs to develop normally. When Matthew was born late last December, doctors removed the catheter. "The baby's prognosis is good," says Manning. "There's a chance of kidney problems in the future, but it's a very minimal risk. There's no doubt in my mind he would have died without the surgery. The bladder was as big as the fetus."

Although Skaya case represents the youngest fetus in the world on whom surgery has been performed, the procedure is by no means unique. To date, and mostly within the past year, about two dozen drainage operations have been carried out on unborn babies—in medical centres in the U.S. as well as Toronto and Montreal—at gestational ages of between 21 and 30 weeks (a full-term pregnancy lasts 40). The surgical needle has caused these problems: a blocked bladder, as in Matthew's case; hydrocephalus, a condition in which excess cerebrospinal fluid en-



Skaya and Matthew: an ultrasound scan picture (Courtesy delicate and vulnerable)



larges the skull and compresses brain tissue, and fetal buildup in the chest or abdomen.

But it's too early to declare fetal surgery the latest miracle of medical technology. Even as the techniques are being refined, serious ethical questions baffle the surgeon. Most disturbing is their success rate as far more than half of the fetuses requiring surgery have died, either before birth or shortly after, almost regardless of causes reported to be unrelated to the surgery.

Every pregnant woman has that microbial fear of producing an abnormal child," notes Manning. "We deeply concerned about creating a sense of false

satisfaction for these mothers. Fetal surgery may not be the solution."

It is, however, the most dramatic aspect of a new area of medicine treating the fetus as a patient. Doctors are now administering vitamins, enzymes, hormones, breast drugs and antibiotics to fetuses with certain disorders, usually by prescribing them to the mother. Experimentally, they are also injecting such substances directly into the unborn child, or into the amniotic fluid so that the fetus can swallow them.

But the established fetal treatment that led to the current operations is extracorporeal blood transfusions. In the early '60s New Zealand obstetrician William Liley developed the technique, and independently, Canadian pediatrician Jack Bowman applied it to save fetuses suffering an incompatibility of blood type with their mothers. Using X-ray guidance and a surgical needle, the physician injected red blood cells into the abdomen of such fetuses to replace cells destroyed by maternal antibodies. Even though a vaccine can now prevent this problem known as "Rh disease," the technique is still widely used. Most of the doctors attempting fetal surgery have performed dozens of fetal transfusions.

Locating the fetal abdomen with X-rays and a needle requires skill, but without the aid of an important new tool—the ultrasound machine—locating the fetal bladder or the centre of the fetal brain with a needle would be unthinkable. The machine, which works with sound waves and to date appears to have no ill effects on either mother or fetus, gives the surgeon a moving picture of the fetus. It can be focused either on the surface of the fetus or on the internal organs, and during surgery it guides the surgeon's needle.

Even so, fetal surgery can pose some harrowing problems. Though mother and fetus are sedated, there's always a slight chance the fetus might move, the needle might slip, or the wires might be triggered into premature contractions. A more serious obstacle, however, comes well before the needle is



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**There's one more thing we would like to be:
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Ask your Independent Broker for
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"We'll be there when you need us."

EDUCATION

Failed marks in the N.W.T.

It was natural not knowing what it would be like," says Dorothy Annesley, 18, awaiting her decisions to leave the little Inuit settlement of Coral Harbour on Hudson Bay and travel 1,200 km west for her high-school education. Her mother opposed the plan — she had seen her many native children fail grades and cause "harm home with drug and alcohol problems."

Now in her last year at Tuktooqiaq's Sir John Franklin Territorial High School, Annesley will join 208 a small but talented group of graduates. In 2003, with 22,000 children in the school system, the high schools in the North West Territories graduated a mere 192 students. Only four Inuit students were qualified for university.

This startling fact is only one of the findings recently released by the N.W.T. legislature's Special Committee on Education. Its report, *Learning, Tradition and Change*, reveals that aboriginal students children from their families, traditional life skills and the native languages, and yet leave them ill-prepared to compete for jobs. It documents an enormous gap between the official curriculum and what is actually taught in the classrooms, and alleges that the system lacks commitment to adult education and teacher training. Adams territorial Education Minister Dennis Patterson: "Despite the efforts of a dedicated staff, our school system has not been successful."

The failure spans a century. Missionaries introduced schooling to the North in the mid-1800s. With only 10 per cent of school-age children in attendance by 1961, the federal government took control of education in the N.W.T. in 1966. The modern compulsory education introduced to the North was a copy of that in southern Canada. As for the people to be served by the system, they were never consulted.

The Special Committee on Education set its sights this overnight. The group spent two years attending 43 public meetings in 24 communities. One of its 1,500 witnesses, Port Good Hope Chief Frank T'Selene, summarized the native view: "This government does not know us and yet it tries to control how our children learn. Our community has realized that all these problems will only increase unless we take control of the system ourselves and change it."

In an effort to give back that control,



Annesley: one of the 192 graduates

the committee proposes a drastic decentralization of education in the territories. The recommendations call for setting up 12 local boards of education. (Because of an insufficient population base, there are now only two such boards in the N.W.T., both in Yellowknife.) The department of education administers the regions. These boards would supervise program development, teacher training and selection of native languages for school use, with English becoming a second language in some communities. They would also coordinate the hiring of the school year to plan the housing and trapping seasons. Education from kindergarten to Grade 10 would be available in each community. Grades 11 and 12 would come under the jurisdiction of a proposed secretariat, which would highlight vocational and adult education.

The non-native colonies are winning the endorsement of northern educators: "If [they] are adopted, we would be well on our way to solving many of the problems with education in the N.W.T." says Christopher Reid, president of the N.W.T. Teachers' Association. He particularly welcomes a proposed teacher orientation program that would emphasize the different cultures and traditions, and local teacher training to recruit the small supply of native teachers. Out of a total of 741 teachers, only 46 are of native origin. The education minister also gave high marks for an recommendation on native languages.

With the report scheduled for debate during next month's session of the N.W.T. legislative assembly, no one is venturing any firm estimates on the cost or choice of its implementation. Patterson, however, is optimistic: "Our system is new enough that there is time to make changes." — ANITA FREDRIKSEN

**ORIGINAL
INDIA EXPORT**

**Introducing
The Legendary Gin
of Sgt. Major Malcolme DeWitt
Pickles**

**The Story Behind It May Appeal To
Your Taste For Adventure**

B

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Lake Sgt. Major Malcolme DeWitt Pickles King's Rifles

Pickles according to our legend, marched in disciplined columns of swearing soldiers marching double drill and no orders. They awoke at 6am on march, They were by him in battle. And after when the war ended the picked they shared a tall, cold gin at their ease.

In honour of that time we present Sgt. Major Malcolme DeWitt Pickles' Extra Dry London Dry Gin. An extremely light and dry gin lightly touched with a selection of herbs and spices. Made to be extra dry and cool.

A fitting tribute to the glory of the Empire. And to its legendary fighting man Sgt. Major Malcolme DeWitt Pickles.

PICKLES'
An Exceptional Gin
Extra Ordinarily Dry

Graphic by Crowley Design Group Inc.

A blitz of shocking ads

Although advertisers have long depended on gentle persuasion to sell messages, the wise consumer now braces himself for commercial shocks. A growing movement to stir consumers' audiences has brought disturbing images to the screen which was once home to an upbeat world of milk-and-water commercials. Victims of this new little video world are rocked or victimized, injured at work or electrocuted in the bathroom. Viewers may suffer through still more shocking ads. And the arbiters of the new ad-tough style are none other than governmental health ministries bent on a crusade to frighten people away from the evils of smoking, drinking, driving or any combination of the same.

Conventional wisdom holds that fear is at best a short-term motivator. But with violence now permeating the media, vicious ads may simply be keeping pace with harsher times. A particularly hard-hitting crop of Canadian campaigns in the past year, and the prospect of more to come, leave some viewers questioning the value of such psychological offensives by government.

Some of the ads are merely gross. A parent looks at his child for as reason as a gash by the Ontario ministry of health. "Are you sure your drinking isn't hurting someone?" queries the commercial, but drinking drivers ignore sunlight giddiness. Holiday smokers in Ontario last December were advised by the postman to keep their cigarettes dry. The result was a 10-second tape to the theme "The Flasher" campaign, handled by Dentsu.

Don't get sucked in.

Ontario Ministry of Health

also included unnerving radio spots during peak driving hours.

Saskatchewan's department of health offers similar warnings in its annual campaign directed at partying high-school students. One "Safe-Grad" television ad, likely to reappear this spring, displays a wrecked car, a nose of bear and a youth's body. This macabre, rated highest by the target group, also revealed a girl's body covered in blood inside the car. Less visually graphic, but no less bitterly ironic in tone, are the federal department of transport commercials pronouncing semi-bellies. In one ad, pumpkins, representing human properties, are thrown from a car and smash in slow motion while a voice bitterly repeats the common adage: don't backsliding up.

This plainly adult rhetoric has also reached a much younger audience. Last winter, the Saskatchewan health ministry took on children aged 8 to 12 in a highly controversial anti-smoking campaign. In the television version, a trench-coated man confronts a teenage girl walking down a darkened street. The message is aimed mainly to reveal cigarette tapings to the viewer. The "Flasher" campaign, handled by Dentsu,

Advertising Ltd. in Regina, was deemed "offensive to minors" by the CRTC, which refused to run the ad. Only after a counterattack from Saskatchewan Health Minister Herman Balfe ("We're simply selling the truth") did the CRTC relent.

Saskatchewan's stand reflects the energetic fervor of Balfe himself, a reformist smoker who is spearheading the pro-tough advertising in his province. According to Bill Balmer, executive assistant to the minister, it is Balfe's "personal conviction that it's time for spending money on preventive health care and [making] the link." Political grandstanding aside, the motivation also stems from a desire to close the gap between the \$27 million gathered by the provinces from taxing cigarettes and the \$36 million doled out to programs related to the problems of smoking. Other upsetting ads may well follow in the pressure now that the health promotion budget has just shot up 48 per cent to \$1.7 million.

Advertisers claim that while the dereliction may originate with the ministry involved, the degree of shock and depends on the reactions of test groups. Camp Associates Advertising Ltd. in Toronto, responsible for the "Feeling No Pain" campaign, tried the ad on 16- to 24-year-olds who reacted most strongly to violent images. Researcher Helene St. Jacques, who conducted some of the studies, found that one-third of those sampled were scared by the fear of having their ears blown off by the roar of a jet plane.

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strayed, one-third by an awareness of social responsibility, and a final third by a sense of their own destruction. According to St. Jacques, the anonymity of the bodies isolates the impact of the ad, reaching both those who see themselves dead and those who imagine loved ones. The research has encouraged Vice-President Errol Weinstock of the need for aggressive imagery: "You have to stand out from the crowd in order to get the message across."¹¹

The ad industry may need several years to assess the effectiveness of the new surge in health commercials. Private agencies have already adopted more explicit techniques. Few viewers can be unaffected through the smoke-tar-strewn scenes portrayed by the Cigarette Safety Association of Ontario in its award-winning TV ads. But even if agencies that focus on anti-smoking campaigns, a strong contrast is still striking in other health advertising. David Neustadt, national director of public education for the Canadian Cancer Society, insists, "There is a great deal of evidence that [anti-tariff] result in, at best, short-term awareness." Confident of the softer, long-term approach, the federal department of health and welfare is launching an ambitious 30-year anti-smoking campaign, slated to begin next month. With a budget of \$3 million for advertising alone in the first five years, the campaign sets out to promote non-smoking using positive images.

Meanwhile, the trend is ominous regardless of one's political affiliation. As president of the Massachusetts Asian American Council, the State's Asian Women, illustrates the fundamental imagery of the flasher ad: "It makes horrendous a violent situation," she complains. Likewise, Howard Watson, legal counsel for the Consumers' Association of Canada, finds the hard-hitting ad highly suspect. "There is little information in these ads." They don't educate the public," adds Ontario Board of Censors member Michele White. "So we perpetuate images that we don't find acceptable in other forms because it has the label 'however'."

The one good thing, opponents argue, is that hard-road ads are relatively cheap. Advertisers can only take high risks in short bursts, whereas blimps are more fully brief. "Feeling No Pain," for example, cost a pastry \$100,000 apiece. But if trends in Britain and Europe are any indication, Canadian governments have only begun to exploit their message-pushing potential. Myriad social ills remain unattended—child abuse, safe housing, racism, sexism, drugs—and many more recessions will allow Rockey on the wave.

—JOHN WILSON

ON THE ROAD AGAIN.

Chrysler LeBaron The Convertible.



 MITSUBISHI 52 MPH HWY 11.0 sec. 0-60  MITSUBISHI 40 MPH HWY 11.0 sec. 0-60	 BMW 39 MPH CITY 12.0 sec. 0-60  BMW 33 MPH CITY 11.0 sec. 0-60	 CHEVROLET 39 MPH CITY 12.0 sec. 0-60  CHEVROLET 33 MPH CITY 11.0 sec. 0-60
 MITSUBISHI 39 MPH CITY 12.0 sec. 0-60  MITSUBISHI 33 MPH CITY 11.0 sec. 0-60	 BMW 39 MPH CITY 12.0 sec. 0-60  BMW 33 MPH CITY 11.0 sec. 0-60	 CHEVROLET 39 MPH CITY 12.0 sec. 0-60  CHEVROLET 33 MPH CITY 11.0 sec. 0-60

and economic change from colonial times.
Based on the original records of the
Royal Geographical Society's Whi-
tehead Library, this book traces
the history of the region from 1850 to
1950, showing how the people and their
ways of life have changed over time. And
as well as focusing on the major towns and
cities, it also looks at the smaller towns and
villages that have sprung up along the coast.

CHRYSLER
CANADA LTD.

The pleasure of probing the heavens

BY day he's a Grade 9 student at Marcellin High School in Nepean, Ont. But come nightfall James Black turns explorer of the heavens. For hours at a stretch close to home—all night in the country-side where no city lights obscure his view—he peers into the mysteries of galaxies and nebulae French named at the planet that has consumed nearly all of the 16-year-old's spare time (not to mention most of his birthday and summer money). Yet to an amateur astronomer as dedicated as Black, the motive is clear: "Observing the sky."

Follow devotees know the feeling. From the White Hills northeast of St. John's to the seafloors of Vancouver Island, every clear night sees hundreds of instruments pointed skyward—telescopes, home-built mirror telescopes, high-end rigs—equipped with electric tracking motors. Not content with random star gazing, some owners often hook to their telescopes small electronic cameras such as the University of Calgary's popular "Prepared Universe," which announced 38 last year. Well-known sky buffs travelled to Bolivia to witness last year's solar eclipse. And in rising numbers, enthusiasts join the hobby's various clubs and associations, which now number 2,000, span three sky-watching and 100 professional astronomers—and oversee 20 chapters worldwide.

Impelled by a recent burst of cosmic discoveries that has brought the radiance of Starburst rings into every mind, a minor astronomy now attracts thousands of Canadians of all descriptions. Their passion is a year-round affair. On frigid winter nights, the faithful don electric boots for backcountry sky-watching. (If you're outside in -30° below, you need some



Respected sky-gazer Melier: Three comets bear his name

help," allows University of Guelph designer Professor Michael Taylor, who speaks from experience.) And like the sky itself, the phenomenon knows no state boundaries. Worldwide, its members in 1991, are from the century-old French association Comité Planétarium, to amateur clubs in more modest countries, such as the University of Cologne's popular "Prepared Universe," which announced 38 last year. Well-known sky buffs travelled to Bolivia to witness last year's solar eclipse. And in rising numbers, enthusiasts join the hobby's various clubs and asso-

cieties, which now number 2,000, span three sky-watching and 100 professional astronomers—and oversee 20 chapters worldwide.

For the burgeoning, that "biggest scope" is often the one longingly owned—but never attained prior to Black's amateur telescope. He gathers from an optics supplier, set them in a simple tube, and builds a plywood stand, giving him the instrument he wanted for \$300. Cutting weight and size was a major goal for Taylor, his hand-built telescope of aluminum, plywood and epoxy needs to shed a observatory, but looks about 10 pieces to fit in the back of a car.

When he's not at work, Taylor can be seen driving his creation to South America for the best possible views.

Because they track their telescopes on the centers of the moon. But initiates go beyond planet-watching. One current craze is for "deep-sky objects," which range from clouds and wisps of gas in our Milky Way galaxy to faint galaxies millions of light-years off. "Some people might not understand," admits Black. "They look at the Orion Nebula [a spectacular gaseous cloud] and they see a Merry object. But

business slack today. "We can't keep up with the demand," says Jurasik, who must scramble to keep the shelves supplied with popular Celestron telescopes imported from California. Priced with an array of telescopes ranging at \$800 to \$10,000, the store's average customer forks over \$600 to \$1,000, with the 10-inch Astrotron a front runner at \$250. The sky may be fine, but the added cost can spend thousands, prodding his ingenuity. Last summer, Toronto technician Paul Matlakoff paid \$5,000 for a Celestron-11—an unusually designed combination: non-parabolic

lens and a larger sensor.

For the entrepreneur, that "biggest scope" is often the one longingly owned—but never attained prior to Black's amateur telescope. He gathers from an optics supplier, set them in a simple tube, and builds a plywood stand, giving him the instrument he wanted for \$300. Cutting weight and size was a major goal for Taylor, his hand-built telescope of aluminum, plywood and epoxy needs to shed a observatory, but looks about 10 pieces to fit in the back of a car.

"It makes me feel good at their hobbyist image, many are perfectly happy to remain on the periphery of science pursuing their own spiffing amateur status," says, for one, has never considered going professional. "I'm afraid that would take all the fun out of it." The fun is lost on his wife, Janet, to whom the obsession remains as baffling as black holes. "But," adds Newton, "I'm one of the first husbands who can count stars at two in the morning with no questions asked."

—BRIAN JONES
with files from *Post Magazine* in Toronto and *Jack Daniel's* in Memphis.

Jurasik and customer (right): a money-grabbing position



people who understand the background behind it can grasp it just wondering how it got there and what it would be like 100,000 years from now."

Yet another owner thought tastefully: sky-watchers—the prospect of making a discovery. It is in view of his telescope engineer Half Moon Bay, B.C., of Nepean—a man like Shatner, the name's Ottawa origin—has packed out three front corners onto the shelf's big glass reflecting telescope. All now bear his name, but pleasure, not profit, is what keeps Melier's eye on the heavens for some 30 hours a month. Equally dedicated is Jack Newton, a Victoria department store manager. At dusk, he attaches a special camera, coated by dry ice for low-light sensitivity, to his 8-in. reflector. Newton's dramatic color time exposures of star systems up to 400 million light-years away have appeared alongside large observatory photos in the popular American amateur astronomy magazines *Sky and Telescope* and *Astronomy*. "On a clear or fine night a week when the sky is perfect," he says, "I can be just as good as the professionals."

Two centuries ago, many important astronomers were amateurs—among them England's legendary William Herschel, a church organist who found the planet Uranus in 1781. Today professionals dominate the field, but they can still afford to dabble part-time in mere hobbyists. "The professional astronomer doesn't have time to observe all of the variables [stars of fluctuating brightness] all of the time," admits Peter Milman of the National Research Council's Herzberg Institute of Astrophysics. In fact, part-timers are often the key to detect a flare-up of light. When a bright meteor streaks across the sky, for instance, amateur astronomers can help pinpoint a possible meteorite fall. The surfaces of these "samples from space," as Milman calls them, tell stories of the fire of cosmic rays in space. To professionals' pleasure, amateurs drive for days to be right in line, stopwatch in hand, when a bright planet or satellite briefly holes a star.

If amateurs sometimes wince at their hobbyist image, many are perfectly happy to remain on the periphery of science pursuing their own spiffing amateur status," says, for one, has never considered going professional. "I'm afraid that would take all the fun out of it." The fun is lost on his wife, Janet, to whom the obsession remains as baffling as black holes. "But," adds Newton, "I'm one of the first husbands who can count stars at two in the morning with no questions asked."

—BRIAN JONES
with files from *Post Magazine* in Toronto and *Jack Daniel's* in Memphis.

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BOOKS

Fantasy strikes out

BY MICHAEL KIMBALL
by W.P. Kinsella
(Thomas Allen & Son, \$14.95)

Fiction imitates baseball. While the sport adheres to a strict, banal set of rules, writing is encouraged by the liberating codes of language. In both, the best catalyst to loosen these shackles is an act of the imagination, be it a sacrifice fly or an extended metaphor. And both creators construct their own mythologies. Robert Coover prevaricated in his wonderful *The Universal Baseball Association* that worship of baseball heroes is no less obsessive than the definition of religious figures. It's laudable, though, that, this Calgary writer W.P. Kinsella wanted to end the world with the ball in his first novel, a non-pict of the prestigious Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowship Award. Unfortunately, *Shoeless Joe* does not add its mystique either as a literary fax house or as an entry to the game.

Most of the baseball in the novel takes place in the mind of the narrator, Ray Kinsella (why the central character shares the author's surname is an unexplained literary prank). Ray receives a divine order to build a baseball diamond in the middle of his Iowa cornfield. "If you build it, he will come," assures the voice. This voice turns out to be the laundry (and deceased) left-fielder Shoeless Joe Jackson, now passed by his teammates of the scandal-plagued 1919 Chicago White Sox. To the delight of Ray and his family, the ballplayers - who in the narrator's fantasy are real and blood, not ghosts - recreate the splendor of classic baseball as his rough diamond.

As if ballplayers from beyond the grave were not an ambitious enough conceit, Kinsella throws J.D. Salinger into the mix. Ray follows the reclusive writer down his Soo Mississippi hideaway and drags him to a Boston Red Sox game in Fenway Park in an attempt to "kiss his pain." Salinger has come integrated with his adductor's facilitates, they join together as a quest for the history of the late Moonlight Graham, an obscure (but real) entry in The Baseball Encyclopedia who played one major-league game in 1906 and never made it to the big leagues, they pass together Graham's life as a respected small-town doctor and converse with the dead man about his honored baseball career. With Graham's grandson in tow, Ray and Salinger head

tary is a delightful idea, but a difficult one to execute. The writer has to realize such lines as: "It's a sad time when the world won't listen to stories about good men." Of course, this is W.P. Kinsella, not the real Salinger speaking. To put your own words into a living person's mouth is rarely presumption, not clever.

Similarly, the flights into fantasy are too easy and shallow. The writer wants us to release our reason and knock down the barriers between the living and the dead, the prosaic and the lyrical. But Ray's ultimate concern of baseball is

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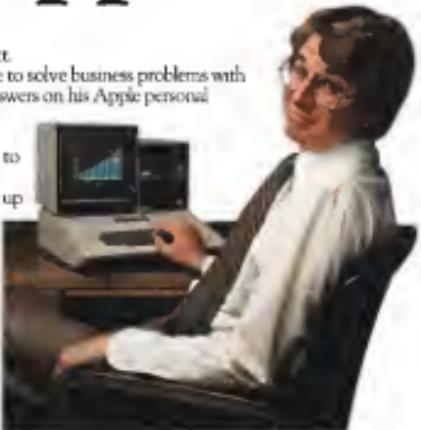
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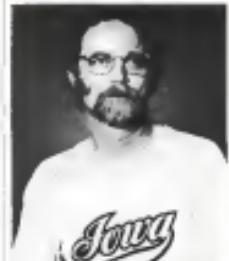
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Kinsella: bound to his inventiveness

too restrained to be seductive, and the price is too sluggish to work as a midday piéguasque. Kinsella reaches for the otherworldly magic of Gabriel Géritte Marquis. What he achieves is in the happy fancy of Richard Brancaccio.

—LUN PEARSON

Pining for a sense of home

NOBODY'S ANGEL

By Thomas McGuane
(Shambhala Press, \$18.95 hard-cover,
\$10.95 soft-cover)

Thomas McGuane's fifth novel is a dolorous western about a Montana horse rancher who leaves the army and returns home, but goes right on being homeless. His horse, Patrick, keeps house for the remaining splinters of his family and wonders what went wrong. "He saved his master and grandfather and horses he loved the place. But he couldn't help thinking that it was edges and no middle." Patrick runs away for a last adventure of rescue, reunion, possible love and a physical sense of home.

Bob Deneckre, Mung, the local newspaper editor, has it in for him and the bartender won't serve him triplets. Into this disengaged, wifely drama, the wife of a Texas adman walks into her hands. As much as we know that she's left her old world, we know we're in America's tough-as-tortureland where the air is thick with tender wistfulness and torn stories. All this gives Nobdy's Angel begins to sound like a horseback Canadian. But McGuane humorously what kind of sap has here a—"strong as the wrong way"—and he makes Patrick's sentimentalism part of what the novel is about, not just a curse on the writing.



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A certain wistful humor is allowed. Patrick in love feels like "the amorous squander of summer who throws his clubs during a golf tournament." In winter, the people of Montreal "just hang around the salaried bars. There's nothing quite like the Green Goddess at thirty below." The author displays the American novelist's weakness for designer souvenirs, describing characters in M.L. Leddy books who drink a particular champagne. You get the impression that for McGuane, design is a piece of hardware that keeps things under control, like the proper fit on a horse.

McGuane can write beautifully about almost anything, and half the time that's his problem. The more he bears down on a particular topic, the greater his inevitable greed for what eludes him. In *Nobility*, Angel, he writes with the giddy consciousness of someone who can't forget that all novelist good and bad, and he does taught her in the remainder box, and it looks like less on her than America may be headed that way too. The best revenge, he seems to say, is writing well. All he has to do is turn his attention to something as simple as sleeping hours or the landscape, and words reverse his story. Like a native carver who knows his stuff is going to end up on a roadside stand, McGuane is a master who does what's necessary to sell, but he also can't help being good.

—MARC JACKSON

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

- Fiction
 - 1 The Parallel Worlds, Ladoff (2)
 - 2 Not Home, Crichton (2)
 - 3 An Interest Observed, McHugh (3)
 - 4 The Hotel New Hampshire, Irving (2)
 - 5 North and South, Stiles (2)
 - 6 The Whig Way, Cheshire (2)
 - 7 Fanny and Louis, Peacock (2)
 - 8 Roots, Alex Haley (2)
 - 9 I Sang My Summer Holidays, Melville (3)
 - 10 The Rebel Angels, Davies (2)
- Nonfiction
 - 1 The Acadians, MacKenzie (2)
 - 2 The Red Blood and the Holy Grail, Robert Largé et Léonard (2)
 - 3 Jane Fonda's Workout Book, Fonda (2)
 - 4 Consequences, Trudeau (2)
 - 5 Wings to Power, Sherkman (2)
 - 6 The Game of Our Lives, Givens (2)
 - 7 The Lord God Made Them All, Tuck (2)
 - 8 The New Canadian Real Estate Investor Guide, Zinman (2)
 - 9 Finance Across the Border, Berlin (2)
 - 10 Men of Pragmatism, Goldsmith (2)

1 Position last week

MUSIC

Hewers of funk, drawers of glamor

By Wayne Grady

In the soft, subterranean half-light of a recording studio in Montreal's east end, Quebec's hottest young recording star stood at the control room door, cheerily greeting critics, pop journalists and industry observers. Diane Tell, 24 years old, decked out in moody leather pants and a pin-up jacket with padded shoulders, was taking care of business—the launching of her fourth and latest album, *Chanteuse*. A decade ago, the free boffin might have featured continental quarks and petrified fives. At the frigid reception last month, the assembled paparazzi snatched up peanuts, popcorn, chips and dips—a blank number of consistency lines and Quebec's changing tastes.

A more startling change in Quebec's taste was reflected in Tell's music as it split across the room. Clean and silly, the sounds on *Chanteuse* are as gleefully as anything produced on the cuspions of Manhattan or the hills above Hollywood. Tell's pliable voice dances across waves of smooth-perfect music polished yet saucy. Lisee Raskin and Diane Ross would fight at home on these tracks. Edith Piaf and Jacques Brel would recognize the language but little else.

The transatlantic tradition that nourished Quebec's music heroes of the '60s—Telli Leclerc, Gilles Vigneault and Pauline Julien—has given way to the funky rhythms of American-style pop music. With an irresistibly erotic heft and a guileless manner, Diane Tell is totally at home with the new music. Although some critics dismiss Tell's lyrics as naive and sentimental, no one doubts her. Fairly sandy vox and Latin-flavored melodies like her departure from tradition has not gone unrecognized: last year, Tell won four Polaris awards (Quebec's equivalent of the Juno) for her female vocalist, best songwriter, best album and best song of 1986.



Tell giving way to the funky vitality of American-style pop

rhythms of rock and those of the French language that a visitor from Texas didn't realize the band was "screaming" in jazz until halfway through the concert. And Diane Tell, just another chanteuse until she discovered rock, bowed the edge on her flowing Japanese veins and developed a flair for costumes they make her look pretty.

While the drift to a more American style of music has accelerated in the past half-decade, it is not exactly new. Charlene started it in the late '60s, scattering Quebec's traditional chansonneur images of lumberjacks and Saturday night square dances. To replace them, he matched such images from 20th-century North American urban life as jet planes and street-corner rock'n'roll. By the '80s, the new kid on the block had taken Quebec music even further down the American road. The impact of Charlene has spread such as Bonne Domina and Harmonium is remembered vividly by Tell. "It was like *West Side Story's* finally doing it!" He spoke our language but he sang it like *Les Cowboys*².

Such assimilation, however, is not as straightforward as it was. Many Québécois singers and songwriters were instrumental in helping the Paris Québécois to power. But in the battle to establish the party's musical identity, they have been undermined by their own appeal. Athlone went out of fashion; there's no need for songs of struggle when the government is singing along. Once the passionate, the independent movement, Québec's blues and rock stars have sung away from the women's voices. Gilles Vigneault has retreated to the country to write stories and songs for children, moving into middle age and the middle class since his fall as well. Says Bob Beauchamp, program director of CKOQ FM, Montreal's most popular rock station, "People don't feel the need to go out



Onstage—a marriage of rock rhythms and vocal

and prove they're Québécois by buying a certain album."

Québécois are much less prickly too, about being sung to in the language of its artists. At one time, international artists with a following on both sides of a faltering on both sides of the French-English border of records in Quebec. Nowadays, Géralde Lessard brings Las Vegas standards to the stage of Montreal's Place des Arts and yanks her audience to its feet with songs in either language Daniel Lavoie has recorded an album entirely in English and sprinkles these songs liberally throughout his stage shows to positive response.

Despite, and perhaps because of, the Americanization of Quebec's pop music, anglophone recordings dominate record sales in the province. At Taff's Records, with such popular artists as Plante, Offenbach and André Gagnon on the roster, francophone music constitutes no more than five per cent of sales. The figure fluctuates between five and 15 per cent in retail record stores. Beauchamp says 80 per cent of the 20 to 30 requests taken each hour at CBLI are for anglophone material. In following his British lead, Beauchamp and co. have put themselves into water. Competition, fearing that this was a

success, worry about the future. The U.S.-based record companies that dominate the market have reacted to the world's stamp in record sales by slashing budgets and showing apathy about new talent. A cast-of-talented-saints capped six months of audiences with a girls' final competition held at the Olympia. Valentine Invitations went out to all producers, programmers, record-company executives and media types. "Two showed up," says Beauchamp wryly. "And one of them was my brother."

Even if the music industry is reeling in a slumping economy, the stars of Québécois music are holding their own. Taff's record company expects Clémence to hit gold status (100,000 copies sold) this week, barely a month after release. Daniel Lavoie has graduated from clubs to concert stages with a 30-city tour of the province. And the doyenne of Quebec's recording stars, Géralde Lessard, remains inexplicably popular; her last album, *2e au jeu*, a piano classic, sold 300,000 copies in Quebec. If purity and passion are missing in the work of Quebec's new stars, the commercial success shows that the sensibilities of Quebecers are still being reached, in a language they understand. □

Lavender drifts to the page of *The Reader*

norring the CRTC's ruling that French-language radio stations in Quebec fill at least 60 per cent of their musical programming with francophone material, brought a barrage of complaints before the commission, many countered by firmly noting that their quota is lowered to 55 per cent. "There simply is not enough good francophone material available," Beauchamp insists. "Especially Québécois material."

But while the current generation is assured of its place in the sun, some

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For the sake of experimenting

By Mark Chomnicki

THE subject of artistry at last year's Toronto Theatre Festival was John Keegan's *Waiting for Godot*. This year's theatrical event—also devised by Keegan—was invited to 56 nights—up from 22 the previous year—and, though the cast can't travel the rooms of a sturdy mansion after peaking at drama in the drawing room and meandering on leather in a sunbox, the audience will be down piazzas of information and composed notes in an attempt to reconstruct the elaborate plot based on the life of the Italian poet and patriot Gabriele d'Annunzio. A small local theatre company called Nostrum Angel had been sold slavishly for months to mount *Waiting*, but when the show became a success, artistic director Richard Rose sold the production rights. He then returned to his home base at Toronto's Theatre Centre and to his true function as a "producer of new goods." Since October, when Toronto finished its extended run, his next offering has been eagerly anticipated.

This month, the west added Richard Wolfe's first play, *Pauschendieck*, directed by Rose, a now racing at the centre, a classic warehouse venue that Angel shares with four other experimental groups.

A Preference Interfere, Buddies in Bad Times Theatre, Nightwood Theatre and Theatre Atlantic Leaf A First World War tale of love and betrayal, the play has been poorly received and the script has been taken as not ready for production. Rose acknowledges difficulties—the first two acts were sacked around two days before opening night—but continues changes during a run as part of his artistic philosophy. "I don't stop directing once a show is on," he says. "There's no reason why a

production should stand still."

Such a statement may distress audiences who want proof-in-packing drama. However, irreverence is essential to experimental theatre, that more than visual subversives of the dramatic art. The genre usually originates in urban centres with a substantial artistic community that can provide an

Garnett, the godfather of the city's innovative companies, "Experimental theatres then was like a lone-top fire—it was everywhere but didn't really penetrate." Practitioners of the latest outburst seem to have more concrete ideas of what theatre should be. Nightwood aims at a comprehensive synthesis of music and movement technology, while Autumn Leaf's productions underline the fact that several of its members studied some under Jacques Lecoq in Paris. The actors at the centre are in fact passionately interested in the international theatre scene. Such European artists as Jerry Graciwski and Peter Brook, and such American artists as the La MaMa troupe and Robert Wilson are openly acknowledged.

The impact of electronic technology is also crucial to the new experimental theatre.

AKA incorporates video and film in its work, as does Visevski's separate company that adapts music and video to such traditional stories as *King Lear* and *Brave New World*.

All the groups maintain a common sensitivity, perhaps best defined—with a touch of garrulous mentality—by Sky Gilbert of Buddies in Bad Times, a company devoted to discussing parity on stage. "We all know the cost of the centre in Toronto more

than we hate each other."

The centre exists mainly because its individual members cannot afford to rent their own space or secure government grants of less than \$80,000. On its own, the centre cannot manage funding for one independent administrator, and the companies are run by the founders separately. Most of the various directors, like the centre's, have part-time jobs and all of them live below the poverty line. Performances take place in an informal atmosphere; the money is often



Shawn Arnold, Charlie Camp, Bruce Veyries in "Pauschendieck"; left, Michael MacLellan in "Cavally", a Toronto production; producer of the new group



audience willing to tolerate theatre in the rough. In English Canada, with the isolated exception of Cafe Nativus in Montréal and midnight shows at Vancouver's Waterfront and Firehall theatres, only Toronto has enough theatre professionals and artistic activity in general to support experimental theatre on any scale.

Experimental theatre has as many definitions as true religion has heretics. Toronto's experiment is a study of experimentalism from the early 1970s to the

reconciled and hospitable as a legacy. These new-wire companies have clearly questioned what D. Ann Taylor of Visevski's company has called "the traditional approach to the audience and performer in the missionary position—the audience eating their culture like a wretched, the producer on stage."

None of the companies is happy with the status as a theatre space, however. "There are no real theatres in Toronto, just warehouses with few chairs and three lights," sighs Theatre Studio's Taylor's Taylor Solano, who leases out his tiny Caff' Concert to experimental companies. She believes that Toronto is ready for a giant step forward. This summer she will lease the Palladium Royal, a historic ballroom at the waterfront, and run it as a theatre club every evening and night. Autumn Leaf's Than Sakkola also anticipates "a rise in SAP every year," and he, like Rose, searches for specific environments to match his artistic concepts. The two will soon team up for an ambitious workshop production, *Twelfth of York*, to be set in Toronto's Old Fort York.

Toronto's success away from the centre and the continuing debate over space have focused the experimentalists' attention on a crucial issue: how large an audience can they reach and how desirable is it to do so? An Cynthia Grant of Nightwood says, "The stigma of fringe theatre is its irrelevance." And the now-defunct Theatre Second Floor is often mentioned in this regard. That experimental theatre closed in 1979 when it became clear that after five years its total audience—estimated at 3,000 to 5,000 by former director Paul Bettis—would not grow. The new companies are therefore keenly aware of the need to cultivate a receptive audience.

The desire to proselytize and prove forces many that seek refuge in the Theatre Centre and Caff' Concert are committed to providing spaces for even smaller and more radical companies and individuals. Says Richard Shockey of AKA, "Professionals use the centre just to keep their creative juices flowing after long television, film and regional theatre." Several times a year, Buddies, Nightwood and AKA present series of off-the-wall pieces that look back to Dada and recall the festival of one-act plays that took place a decade ago. Among the professionals currently doing novelties were Bettis, Gareau and Merriman, Jackie Thompson and Kate Lynch. Even experimental theatre reflects the changing taste of the times, however. In December, Bernhardt appeared in works by Jack Cossman and Dennis Williams at the new winter festival she had organized to send rock dressed only in a jock strap.

As governments and the press demand greater accountability from arts organizations, experimental artists often adopt an isolationist stance that they feel is necessary to their survival. "I think the audience for my work is not there," says Bettis. "That's why I don't allow the critics in—I don't want the show to be killed by the ignoramus." But a limited and very marginal self-entertainment, another veteran director of the "fringe" Alcock, believes experimental theatre in Toronto has lower standards than before. His despair with Toronto in this respect

tempts him to tread the well-trodden path to New York, but the new wave is not looking for writers because to crash yet see Benito Belolo. "Those who don't have the guts go to find those and become something else—the ones who believe in the society stay here."

The commitment of the new experimentalists to creating powerful theatrical experiences that can raise and alter self-concepts is another welcome feature of the "fringe." Adds Cynthia Grant of Visevski's "fringe" studio: "Theatre should be more like sports—full of thrill and triumph of soul and ignorance and darkness sexual love every night." ☐

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Some reap while others sow

By Allan Fotheringham

As the mobilized need in unipolar Canada suddenly war-happy Britain, the doomsayers are still claiming that this will never be a country because of regional differences. Too much geography, too little population, as Macleish King put it. Cultural gaps. Language disputes. There are all the reasons given as to why one end of Canada is foreign to the other. All this is nonsense. There is a connecting link, a binding cord that makes us all prisoners of one another. If not, how else could one explain the ascent by the segue of Victoria that the mass prostitutes are trampling the tulips on Government Street is the last words of the French-Canadian members of the federal cabinet? Could anything be more clear?

Mayor Peter Polley, author of the theory, is not an anti-migrant—some retired colonel with a waxed mustache and a classic Victoria case of the gout. He is a struggling entrepreneur, a graduate of the Harvard School of Business Administration, a man who grew rich on a Ford dealership in the days before Japan taught Detroit that it was no longer attractive. The anti-social Pollies does tend to fit about a bit, being one of the few politicians who has fit for the circuit. He was once president of a Victoria-area Liberal association, has assassinated fully as a Social Credit candidate, was very close to Dave Barrett's NDP government a decade ago and turned down their entreaties to run—and has considered with provincial Conservatives as a candidate for the opposition. A man, you would say, for all seasons and all weathers with the heretofore undeterred link between the sexual habits of the Trudeau ministers and the tulips in Victoria.

The problem, you see, is the proliferation of prostitutes on the downtown streets of too many boozing western cities, where the men land the painted ladies' figures that here in our back-Alban MacEachern is not going to get. Having it on the federal reluctance to allow Fotheringham is a columnist for Southern News.

outline the world's silent preference, Mayor Pollie told the Victoria Police Board, "apple-sins of the members of Parliament with their sexual predilections don't want to check about that." This mad-ever-suspicious—leaps to the sexual proclivities of Stanley Knuckles, Jim Clark and Eugene Whelan but, no, Peter Pollie had something else in mind. Not wanting "to sound like some kind of kook from Calgary," he later explained that "we've got a universal small-town attitude toward law enforcement in Ottawa," adding helpfully "And you've had lots of quiet scandals



in the House." Pressing on, "I know it's a French-Canadian dominated government, and the French-Canadians are extremely liberal in this attitude. I'm not making any moral judgment on it [prostitution] because that's one of their standards. I'm just questioning why the hell we haven't had this legislation."

Well! Now we know. Not only have those loony French-Canadians created Fortress Alberta, ruined the Liberal party in Western Canada and caused high interest rates, they are responsible for a plague of hookers preying on the tight-waisted waifs of peaceful, pillars-shaking Victoria. Quebec may launched as the new of Canada "the revenge of the crabs" La Belle Province now not only has one of the lowest birthrates in Canada but has set out to wreck the economy of the rest of this nation. Canaan by losing ladies of the night over the hills. One tries to imagine what of the lascivious French-Canadian members of the cabinet have derived from this plan to bury the unguessed underbelly of

Victorian restraint. Could it be Jean Chretien, who met his lady when he was 15 and he has never looked at another one since? Or could it be handsome bachelors Serge Joyal? Marc Lalancette, whose family has fished an island in the St. Lawrence for seven generations?

Mayor Pollie, "The prime minister said the government has no place in the bedrooms of the nation" (in truth, he stole it from a *Globe and Mail* editor). "He has, in my opinion, not only encouraged the sexual deviants of this country. I think he's gone a long way to encouraging them in the social structure." This is reminiscent of the kooky Brattain Landseuer who announced some 20 years ago that he was immigrating to Australia because, he explained: "When I was a boy, they voted homosexual. When I was a young man, they fought them. Now they've made it legal and I'm leaving before it becomes compulsory." The Liberals have alienated the West, pell-mell the civil service and driven John Turner into exile, and the result is that they have unintentionally and deceptively cast a new light upon their sins.

One normative, wryly, that this is why—not mere geography—the country will never unite. In Toronto, which we know epitomizes all that is good and ethical in the various towns of manhood on Bay Street, its ballpark is the only one in the major leagues where one may not smoke beer. This is regarded as sinful, while interest rates are not.

There is a link here. The Anglo-Saxons said Stela that anything that does not touch the flesh in reference to principles of morals God's earthly paradise, the old-boy-network control of the country—all are regarded outside the world of morality. Morality, as practiced in downtown Victoria, while fake Tudor Anne Hathaway cartwheels rip off the obliging Yankee tourists, is some thing droll when ladies of the evening for inspection, no doubt carrying passes from Trans-Canada, ply their trade within sight of the Disneyland-like legislature. The country ruled as a part, one-half of it inundated with the morals of the other.



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